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THE PRESENT HOUR.

The present hour—small fragment—speck of time!
What human joy, what agony, what crime,
It doth condense!—thought terrible, sublime!

This hour, to us so brief, perchance while flying,
Earthquakes shake islands, towns in ruins lying;
Thousands to life are springing, thousands dying.

What multitudes this moment feast and drink,
Or lightly tread the dance, nor pause to think!
What multitudes shed tears, or, starving, sink!

How many in luxurious rooms recline
On couches soft, while lamps above them shine,
Listening to melting music, airs divine!

How many, the same instant, on the wave
Are toss'd by storms—they shriek, but none can save,
And, shrieking, sink in ocean's greedy grave.

What virtuous spirits sorrow, wrong'd, oppress'd;
What hearts, long parted, meet, supremely blest;
What bitter, sad farewells pierce many a breast!

E'en as these pulses beat, how many a sigh
Of piety ascends! how many an eye
Is raised in meek devotion to the sky!

E'en as these pulses beat, the murderer steals
On his hush'd way—his deadly thought conceals;
He crouches, springs, the stroke of horror deals.

Ring ont, this hour, a thousand marriage-bells,
Joy's revelry for thousand christenings swells,
Toll mournfully a thousand funeral knells.

What countless lovers whisper, 'neath the shade,
Eternal truth!—alas! for many a maid,
Uncounted hearts are breaking, love-betray'd.

What floods and fires are raging, as we lean
In calmness here! while, startling heaven's serene,
War's thunder now may burst on many a scene.

O'er desert moors what houseless wretches wend!
From beds of anguish what sad groans ascend!
What mothers o'er their dying offspring bend!

All this, all this, while a few moments fly;
Moments, so full of fate, to Heaven that cry,
Charged with all passions—bliss and misery!

We talk, feast, laugh, enjoy the sun's glad light,
But little dream what scenes, the dark, the bright,
Are crowded in one hour's eventful flight.

HON. ROSCOE CONKLING, NEW YORK SENATOR ELECT.—[Phot. by Brady & Co., Washington.]

HON. ROSCOE CONKLING.

The new U. S. Senator from New York, chosen on the 14th of January, belongs to a family long known in State and National politics. His father, Hon. A. Conkling, was in the Seventeenth Congress, was Minister to Mexico in 1852, and has since been the United States District Judge for the New York District. A brother, Frederick A. Conkling, was in the Thirty-seventh Congress. The new Senator elect was born in Albany in 1828. He was educated for the bar, and has pursued that profession with great success. In 1849 he was appointed District-Attorney for Oneida County; and in 1858 was Mayor of Utica. He was elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress by a large majority; and re-elected to the three Congresses succeeding by increased votes. He was also elected a Representative in the Fortieth Congress, which meets on the 4th of March next, but will now take his seat in the Senate for six years from that date. Mr. Conkling, as will be seen by the elegant portrait which we give, is in the prime of life, being but thirty-nine years of age. He is an effective debater and an unflinching Republican.

WRECK OF THE TUG "ISLANDER."

The steam-tug *Islander*, belonging to the Government, and on duty at Norfolk and in Hampton Roads, was blown out to sea in the terrible gale of December 28, and wrecked off Chincoteague Island. Captain Morton, of the steamer *General Barnes*, on the 29th of December encountered the wrecked vessel, and rescued the captain, engineer, and two men. The sea was running so heavily at the time that it was impossible to launch a boat; and the *General Barnes* ran as close to the wreck as was consistent with safety and threw out lines, to which the men lashed themselves, and were thus drawn on board, as shown in our engraving. The tug went down within an hour after the rescue was effected.

RAILWAY SNOW-PLOW.

The late heavy snow-storm of December 28, illustrated and described in the *Weekly* of January 12, has brought into requisition the lately-invented railway snow-plow, of which we give an illustration on another page. Snow-plows on smaller scales and less perfect in design have been in use for several years. That now generally employed on the principal railways of the country is a ponderous machine, requiring two and three engines to operate it effectively. The picture which we present of the machine at work will better explain the *modus operandi* than will any labored description which we might give in words.

CHILDREN'S SOCIAL GATHERING IN BROOKLYN.

We give on page 61 an illustration of a scene presented at the Brooklyn Athenæum on the 11th instant, in the social gathering of the children of the Second Unitarian Sunday-school. The exercises of the little folks consisted of the singing of several hymns, the recitation of dialogues, the representation of the fairy scenes of "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and of dances and games, all of which were entered into and received by the large audience with great spirit and pleasure.

DEDICATION OF A MASONIC LODGE.

Kane Lodge, No. 454, of Free and Accepted Masons, was dedicated and the ceremonies of the installation of officers performed on the 5th of January at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street. The ceremonies were conducted under the direction of Thomas S. Sommers, Esq., the Master-elect of Kane Lodge, who acted as proxy for the M. W. Grand Master, Robert E. Holmes. At the conclusion of these most impressive ceremonies a choice programme of vocal and instrumental music was dispensed. An address by R. W. John H. Anthon was delivered and well received.

RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE WRECKED TUG "ISLANDER."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

IMPEACHMENT.

THE London *Times*, with its usual profound knowledge of American affairs, says that the scheme of impeachment looks like a fatal blow at the Constitution. But the impeachment of a President is as Constitutional as his election. The Constitution defines certain offenses for which he may be impeached, and adds to them "other high crimes and misdemeanors." The occasion of impeachment is thus left to the discretion of Congress, and the measure becomes merely one of expediency. But the removal of the executive head of the Government is in its nature an extraordinary measure to be invoked only in the last extremity. If difference with the majority in Congress is to furnish an adequate occasion for such a movement, it is plain that impeachment of the Executive will become an ordinary party measure; and the independence of the Executive contemplated by the Constitution being thus destroyed the balance of the whole system comes to an end. Undoubtedly, and justly, the chief power of our system is given to the Legislature as the immediate representative of the public will. The authority confided to it of impeaching and removing the President, and of organizing the Supreme Court, gives Congress, under certain stringent conditions, the supreme power. But that power is limited not only by express provision but by moral considerations which can not be safely disregarded.

When the country sees that the President has intentionally prostituted the power of his position to the overthrow of the Government, or that his personal habits incapacitate him for the discharge of his duties, it would universally acquiesce in his impeachment and removal, and the Government would not be severely strained by the proceeding. The London *Times* would learn that if our system could endure such a shock as the assassination of the late President, it would easily bear that of the impeachment of the present. But to engineer an impeachment, to agitate for an impeachment, to twist and torture and refine upon the reasons for an impeachment, is to alienate the national sympathy and approval which are essential to justify it.

The Senate, in trying an impeachment, is not a political assembly, it is a court of law. It must deal with overt acts, not with words or opinions. The present President can not be fairly impeached for Tylerizing. He can not be tried for returning to his old party. We who elected him are justly punished for supposing that a modern Southern democratic politician could comprehend the American principle of equal rights, or work heartily for its development; but we can not fairly revenge our disappointment by impeaching him. The President is in open political alliance with those who denounced and opposed the war. He steadily resists every effort to secure its just results. He is the great impediment in the path of a swift and prosperous national settlement. But he resists thus far under Constitutional forms. He exercises the right of veto; he removes from office those who do not support his views; he has abused Congress in his speeches like a drab; he has denied its authority; he advises the unrepresented States to reject the Amendment; and he tenaciously insists that the late rebel States may return to Congress without any other conditions than those which he has himself imposed.

But all this conduct, baffling and annoying as it is, is yet not a violation of his official oath nor inconsistent with the Constitution as he understands it. When he proceeds to thwart Congress by force, when he deliberately and undeniably refuses to execute the laws, when he practically as well as theoretically denies the authority of the people of the United States in Congress, his impeachment would be felt to be a national act of justice and not a partisan measure, and would then be of the highest expediency.

If, therefore, Mr. ASHLEY gives to the Committee upon the Judiciary, to which his charges have been referred, indisputable and conclusive evidence of criminal act or design upon the part of the President, there will be no serious hostility of public feeling to the trial. If, as the Boston *Commonwealth* intimates, there are facts known which point to civil commotions instigated by the President, let them be presented, and he would be as unanimously and cordially removed as Mr. LINCOLN was re-elected. Mr. ASHLEY charges the President with "corruptly" abusing the appointing power and the pardoning power; with "corruptly" disposing of the public property of the United States, and conspiring high crimes with others. Let these charges be plainly proved, not quibbled and inferred, by the evidence which he lays before the Committee, and his accusation will unquestionably be sustained by the country. But if Mr. ASHLEY knows no more than we all know, then we venture to say that the country does not demand an impeachment, and it would therefore be a highly inexpedient movement.

Every President in opposition is, of course, an obstacle to the majority; but does the Constitution provide impeachment as a remedy for that difficulty? If the ordinary methods of our system can not endure such a strain as the performances of ANDREW JOHNSON, what would become of them under the pressure of a sagacious and powerful conspirator? The President is a temporary obstacle to reconstruction, but he does more to confirm and develop the saving radical purpose of the country than a hundred THADDEUS STEVENSES, however sturdy and efficient. The New Orleans massacre, the stumping and staggering orgie to the grave of DOUGLAS, the exhortations to the late rebel States to reject the Amendment, the Copperhead society in which he loves to dwell, and the coarse vituperation of Senators and Representatives by name—these are all things which the intelligent mind and the generous heart of the people constantly meditate, and they have left ANDREW JOHNSON morally impeached, and morally condemned to a disgrace more undying than that of JAMES BUCHANAN and FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Of course, in extremity moral impeachment is not enough. But what is the situation? The President may delay but he can not defeat the accomplishment of the popular purpose. He is practically powerless. Commander of the army and navy, he can use them only to enforce the laws of Congress. They are not his creatures. He can not seat a single member of Congress from the disabled States. He can not count a solitary Presidential vote for them before their restoration to their functions in the Union. The new Congress will assemble and organize as the old dissolves. The utmost that the President can do is to veto laws which Congress will pass, and nominate officers whom the Senate will not confirm. Neither the Secretary of War, nor the General of the Army, nor the Secretary of the Treasury, can be suspected of complicity in any Presidential plot, however upon certain points they may differ with Congress. Above all, the people are thoroughly awake and in earnest. They watch constantly and closely. Heartily united, every unfriendly word and act of the President only binds them more firmly together. They will hear with attention and interest what Mr. ASHLEY has to say. But if it be a mere repetition of General BUTLER'S speech, it will not persuade them that the President ought to be impeached. And as for the droll effort to make adhesion to the wisdom of impeachment, without further knowledge, the test of Radicalism—in the sense of the true national policy—it is just as wise and will prove just as successful as the attempt during the war to make contempt and distrust of Mr. LINCOLN the measure of patriotic fidelity.

OPENING OF THE SPRING POLITICAL TRADE.

THE first movement of the political year is usually the Convention of the Connecticut Democrats. It has been awaited this year with some curiosity, for it offered an opportunity of studying the effect of the great popular verdict in the late elections. That effect seems to have been very much like that of an arrow upon a rhinoceros. The Convention had scarcely organized when it called upon Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY to open the proceedings with a speech. Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY is an historical character; that is to say, history will mention him as the Secretary of the Navy in the treacherous Cabinet of BUCHANAN, who took good care that the navy should be useless to the Government at the most critical moment. He was a worthy companion of JEREMIAH BLACK, and JOHN B. FLOYD, and HOWELL COBB, and JACOB THOMPSON. His counsels to his political friends in Connecticut were, therefore, peculiarly valuable. Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY is probably considered by them a patriotic patriarch. He told them that, in his opinion, the Government was imperiled "by the revolutionary acts of one of the co-ordinate branches of the Government." Indeed! and when the Government was imperiled by the armed conspiracy of JEFFERSON DAVIS, when FLOYD had sent off the arms and TOUCEY had sent off the ships, where was ISAAC TOUCEY? When brave and loyal men were marching by hundreds of thousands, and fighting and falling for the imperiled Government, where was ISAAC TOUCEY? When a word was to be spoken for the Union soldiers, ISAAC TOUCEY was silent. When there may be a chance to encourage the vanquished rebels to persevere, ISAAC TOUCEY finds his tongue.

The Democratic Convention having been thus opened by a rebel chief, who, if not in arms, had done all that he could to make those arms successful, the resolutions were introduced by Mr. EATON, the chief Copperhead director in the State during the war. They affirmed fully the doctrine of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. This was at least consistent. The Democratic party have long received their articles of faith from the Southern leaders, who at last rose in rebellion; and it is not surprising that, with the servility which has become a second nature, they now turn to those leaders for instructions in a policy which will make the rebellion as nearly successful as possible. After the resolutions the Hon. JAMES BROOKS, of the New York *Express*, and the Hon. T. H. SEYMOUR, the late Copperhead candidate for Governor, who steadily justified the rebellion, addressed the Convention.

About the same time the Ohio Democracy assembled in convention, and Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was elected President. This gentleman was the author of the pleasant saying: "Gentlemen, if you can not or will not reconcile your differences, let the seceding States depart in peace." Mr. PENDLETON was the VALLANDIGHAM half of the M'CLELLAN ticket in 1864.

While these meetings were held there was a Democratic supper in Washington, to which Mr. THOMAS B. FLORENCE escorted the President of the United States, and which was addressed chiefly by JEREMIAH BLACK, the Attorney-General who advised President BUCHANAN that the Government had no right to "coerce States."

"Here's richness!" quoth Mr. SQUEERS. Here are the original conspirators against the Union, who persistently opposed the war and assisted the rebellion, gravely warning us that the Government is in danger from those who have saved it, and that it has no true friends but those who have relentlessly sought its destruction. Probably the people of the country who elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN will now surrender the Government to ISAAC TOUCEY, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, JEREMIAH BLACK, and their party—"which he didn't see it," said the rude street boy.

PROHIBITORY LAWS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

IN the Tax Act, passed by the Legislature of South Carolina at its recent session, we find the following: "On the gross amount of receipts from the sale of pictorial newspapers or magazines $25 on every $100;" but on the gross receipts of newspapers published in the State $2 on every $100 are levied. This is substantially a law prohibiting the introduction of illustrated periodicals published out of the State, and is like the Alabama law of last year. Such a blow under the circumstances inflicts no loss upon those who make such papers, but it falls heavily upon the welfare of the State, for it is an act of simple barbarism. It is inspired by the same morbid, local feeling which causes the same act to appropriate: "For the purchase of artificial legs for citizens of this State who have lost theirs in the service of the country in the recent war, $20,000." It is natural that the South Carolina Legislature should wish to aid the disabled citizens of the State, but for what country did they lose their legs? What South Carolinians lost legs in the service of any country which that very Legislature, by the oaths of its members acknowledges except the freedmen who served under the United States flag? The act of the Legislature makes State and country synonymous, or it speaks of the late Confederacy of certain States as the country. In either case its language reveals that hopeless spirit of sectionalism which it would fortify and deepen by a practical suppression of discussion. The law against periodicals is a kind of legislation which aims to gratify passion, and therefore succeeds only in fostering ignorance and vice. The actual pecuniary results of such a prohibition are very small; but such laws would soon ruin a State, and at the present time they can have no other effect than to delay and embarrass that settlement which can only be happily reached by discussion, however wide the difference may be.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM NEW YORK.

MR. THURLOW WEED has joined the Manhattan Club, and Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING is elected United States Senator. These facts show the political time of day in the State of New York. They show that the earnest conviction, the pure purpose, the firm determination of the Union party have at last, and entirely, prevailed over the doubtful, hesitating, truck and dicker policy. The adherents of this policy had made Mr. CONKLING their especial mark. They had twice concentrated in his district all their power and influence to defeat him. Men claiming to be of his own party had made the most mercenary alliances with his ancient enemies in a close and doubtful canvass. Twice Mr. CONKLING had fought long and gallantly and triumphantly against the formidable and remorseless coalition. Twice the State had singled out his contest as the most significant of all, and twice by the force of his character, by the incessant readiness of his trained ability, by his utter superiority to the baser arts of politics and cheerful trust in the rectitude and intelligence of the people, he vanquished the most desperate and concentrated efforts of venal politicians. His success in each case was the victory of the moral intelligence of the party. It was the triumph of political principle over political chicanery, and the man whose white plume had been seen waving steadily and always in the van had become the object of the affection and gratitude of the great body of his party in the State.

Indeed, the purification of the party in this State by the last election was so complete that at the late Senatorial caucus there was no contest of more or less, of hunker and radical, but simply of personal and local preference. Both of the real candidates—for we have never supposed Mr. HARRIS was likely to be re-elected—were men of unquestionable ability and fidelity. The western part of the State, which gives great Union majorities, but has never had a Senator, naturally and strongly presented its claims, and in Judge NOAH DAVIS offered a candidate against whom nothing could be personally urged. The opinion of the caucus was very closely divided. Nothing, indeed, could have proved the essential strength of the western candidate and position more than the vigorous manner in which he pressed his rival, but not his foe; and when the majority leaned toward Mr. CONKLING the friend of Judge DAVIS was the first to move the unanimity of the nomination, and Judge DAVIS himself, in a generous little speech to his more fortunate friend, crowned the result by his cordial sympathy and adhesion.

In ROSCOE CONKLING the State of New York has a Senator who truly represents the spirit and tendency of her regenerated political principle and policy. Young, fearless, devoted, able; of the profoundest convictions; of much experience acquired in critical and stormy times; with all his brilliant powers disciplined and available, the country no less than the State will find him a man equal to the hour. As Senator WHITE, in seconding the nomination of Mr. CONKLING, most truly said, "New York will now have a voice as well as a vote upon all the vital issues with which the country must deal." Her young Senator takes her imperial flag, and will plant it, as its motto exhorts, *Excelsior!*

EXIT MR. JAMES STEPHENS.

A MEETING of Irishmen lately resolved that the career of JAMES STEPHENS had ended in "an ignominious fizzle." The phrase if not dignified is yet very accurately descriptive; for the history of Fenianism in this country would be certainly one of the most ludicrous of Irish romances, excepting always the foray upon Canada. From the splendors of Mr. O'MAHONY'S Republic in Union Square to the letter of "President" ROBERTS to Captain LYNCH, regretting and sympathizing with him that he was not to be hung; from the sensational arrival of the Head Centre STEPHENS to the resolution of "ignominious fizzle," the whole affair has been unreal and ridiculous. The wrongs of Ireland, indeed, are quite too real, and we have plainly stated them in these columns. But such wrongs are not to be righted by rhetorical spouters in another country collecting hard-earned money and recklessly squandering it before the very eyes of those who give it. They are to be remedied only by patience and sagacity; and, as in the case of Ireland, the patient and sagacious men are not yet furnished by that country, the necessary movement must be managed by liberal and wise Englishmen.

And it is for this reason that the papers in this country which did not steadily expose the folly of Fenianism as a movement, not as a sentiment, for the latter is unavoidable, are guilty of the greatest weakness. By fostering the Fenian folly they compelled the only men in the world who can help Ireland to support repressive measures, which, under whatever protest, inevitably estranged from them Irish confidence. And this they did for what? To secure Irish votes in this country. And how many did they get? Let the largely increased Democratic majority in the city of New York answer. We believe the editor of the *Tribune* might crawl upon his knees from the Battery to Madison Square to propitiate the Faynian vote, and it would be in vain. For those Fenians who are accessible to any other than appeals to reason are the sure prey of the opposition leaders.

The hope of Ireland is not in Americans of any party who flatter Irishmen for their votes; it is in the growing liberal good sense of England, which sees the danger and the disgrace of the Irish situation, and in the steady exposure every where of the fact of that danger. For the honor of the United States Government, we rejoice that its action, when the Fenians undertook to make war from our soil, was prompt and efficient. The New York *Tribune* calls the execution of one of the most honorable of our laws a sacrifice of the national honor to please England. It seems to us, however, that if we had quietly looked on while men armed in the United States marched to devastate Canada and murder Canadians, the sacrifice of national honor would have been somewhat greater. The Canadians undoubtedly did look on quietly, if not approvingly, while similar raids were organized and executed against us from their soil. But did we think it honorable or disgraceful conduct?

The demoralizing influence of the ignorant foreign vote upon our politics is seen in nothing more plainly than in the censure of the Administration for its chief creditable act, the summary suppression of Fenian forays. That action has undoubtedly been of great service in ending the futile excitement and vast swindle

of the whole affair. And as it will tend to assure the Irish people that their redress must be sought more wisely, the action of our Government has not only vindicated the authority of our laws, but has been most truly beneficial to Ireland.

THE VINDICATION OF JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL HOLT.

WE alluded last autumn to the conspiracy against Judge Advocate General HOLT, which aimed to show that he had deliberately used false testimony to implicate JEFFERSON DAVIS in the assassination of President LINCOLN. Such a charge against such a man was hopeless from the beginning; but it was pursued with peculiar ferocity and tenacity, and, like all such assaults, left a certain sting, which has now been wholly and publicly removed.

General HOLT, as a military officer, demanded a Court of Inquiry, but the President announced that any vindication of his character or investigation of his official acts were entirely uncalled for and unnecessary; while CONOVER, the tool of the conspiracy, has been indicted in the District of Columbia for perjury. Moreover, the New York *Herald*, in which the most persistent attacks were made upon General HOLT, has surrendered to United States Marshal MURRAY all the letters which composed the pretended proof upon which the attacks were made, and these, upon examination and comparison, have been found to be forgeries and fabrications, mostly in CONOVER's handwriting.

A more thorough refutation of an ingenious and fatal slander has never been made; and thus ends an elaborate attempt to destroy a public man whose services to the country from the moment he stood firm amidst the treachery of BUCHANAN's Cabinet down to this day have been vast, constant, and invaluable—yet by their very nature removed from notoriety, and thereby favoring misrepresentation.

THE PERILS OF THE CITY.

IN his sketch of the perils of twenty-four hours in New York, upon pages 56 and 57 of this paper, Mr. JEWETT has skillfully and startlingly epitomized the most common and fatal snares of a great city. Like HOGARTH's touches from London life, it has a general moral. The rustic stranger arrives, and the fate of his luggage painfully foretells his own. His rough personal experience begins with the hackman—a tolerated highwayman of the metropolis. He makes the acquaintance of candid men anxious to help him to see every thing of note. He goes from point to point of experience, from the pickpocket to the garroter, from Wall Street to the gaming-table, and, finally, "sees life" in the concert saloon. From there to destitution and drunkenness in the street is but a few steps, and one plunge drowns him in the river. Stark at last in the Dead-house, his only obituary is the notice of a man found drowned, who has been evidently long in the water. Our rural friends will not regard this striking and pathetic picture as the representation of their inevitable fate upon reaching town; but they and all of us may well and truly see in it a most faithful hint of the tragedy which is constantly acting in the city—a forcible and eloquent sermon upon the snares which await inexperience and credulity in every great resort of men. "Ah, if we lions could only tell the story!" says the king of beasts in Æsop. If the beasts could describe us men, how they would revenge themselves for our travels in Africa!

INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS ON HEALTH.

THE use of alcoholic stimulants has greatly increased of late years both among the sick and the well, and this increase is claimed by many, who would be far from encouraging intemperance, to be based upon truly rational grounds. Let us see whether their views are correct, looking at the subject not at all in its moral bearings, but in its physiological alone. There is certainly much confusion in the ideas that are prevalent in regard to it, and there is need therefore of attaining to all the clearness that is possible in our views.

It is no part of our intention to discuss the medical uses of alcohol, though we can not forbear to protest against the indiscriminate use of it as a remedy by a large proportion of the medical profession at the present time.

There is no point more universally acknowledged to be settled than that the prevalent immoderate use of alcohol as a beverage is one of the prominent sources of disease. The great point in question is as to the influence of its moderate use. On this there are wide differences of opinion even among very good men, some maintaining that even the very moderate use is positively injurious, acting as a slow poison; others, that it is really beneficial; and others still, being in doubt, and therefore taking what they deem at least to be the safe ground of total abstinence. In order to see which of these classes is right, let us settle as well as we can what are the real effects of alcohol upon the system.

It has been asserted that alcohol is really food—that is, that it furnishes something toward the construction and repair of the body. But it was found that this could not be maintained by facts.

Again, it has been taught by that famous chemist LIEBIG, and his teaching has been widely received, that alcohol is to be classed among those articles which furnish heat-food, as it is termed—that is, that it unites with oxygen in the system, making a real combustion, and thus contributing to the animal heat. But this is proved not to be true both by negative and positive evidence—negative, in not finding any where in the secretions or the substance of the body any of those products which come from the union of oxygen and alcohol when effected out of the body—positive, in finding that the alcohol is not decomposed but circulates unaltered in the blood, and appears as alcohol in the secretions. Like morphine and many other agents, it produces decided effects upon the living organism, without in any way becoming incorporated with it or with its products.

Can we—the question now arises—reject alcohol as unnecessary to the system in health, or even injurious to it, simply on this ground? Certainly not. Alcohol acts as a stimulant; and it may be a needful one. There are, besides those things which nourish the body or maintain its heat, stimuli of various kinds that benefit the system, and therefore may be said to be more or less necessary to its well-being. How shall we decide whether alcohol is one of these? We can not by merely considering its qualities. It can only be done by observing its effects, and those which come from abstaining from its use. Let us look at this.

Light never becomes a part of the system, and yet it is necessary to its health, as we showed in a previous article. It is necessary because without it an abundance of pure air and good food can not make good blood and a healthy body. Light, then, is essential as a stimulus to the vital functions. Can this be said of alcohol in any degree? Do those who entirely abstain from its use in health experience any ill effects from this abstinence? A multitude of cases like that of Professor SILLIMAN, who as a total abstinent lived to the advanced age of eighty-four, furnish a satisfactory answer to this question. Such cases surely demonstrate that this stimulus is not necessary to secure firm health and long life.

But the question comes up whether its use should be strictly confined to states of disease. Perhaps not to what is ordinarily considered as disease, for there are conditions that fall short of this in which stimuli are applicable. This is often true of old age. There is some foundation for the ancient proverb that wine is the milk of the old. I say some, for an acceptance of its truth in full would allow a freer use of alcohol than is called for. An occasional use of it as a cordial in the languor of declining years, agreeably waking the functions to greater energy of action, is beneficial. Perhaps those who have properly abstained fully from its use during all the period of active life commit an error in prolonging this abstinence into old age.

All experience goes to show that so long as there is vigor of action in the system there is not only no need of the stimulation of alcohol, but that it will do harm. We do not see how this conclusion can be avoided; for it is an established principle that if action be stimulated beyond its healthy limit, injury must be done in proportion to the degree of the excess.

We do not believe that the *habitual* use of alcohol, however moderate, is ever beneficial to one in health. It is only when vital action needs to be waked up to a higher grade that it can do good; and this necessity occurs in the healthy only occasionally. And perhaps then some other stimulant will answer better. The memorable distribution of coffee to his men by the noble FARRAGUT is a case in point.

TRICKS UPON TRAVELERS.

THE following letter from a gentleman who is constantly traveling, and who gives us his name, sets forth several of the purely unnecessary annoyances of travel, for which there is plainly no remedy but steady grumbling, so as to arouse public indignation, and so affect the Railroad authorities:

Editor of Harper's Weekly:

As I see from the tenor of various articles in your Journal that you have the welfare of the traveling community at heart, I wish you would be kind enough to warn them of the below-mentioned tricks on travelers, which are met with daily.

COFFEE SWINDLING.—Coffee swindling is the abominable practice which prevails on the Shore Line at the crossing of the Connecticut River, and doubtless many other points. When the passengers rush frantically out into the cars, leaving their steaming cups of "Mocha" half full, the prudent caterer goes the rounds and pours the contents of each cup back into the coffee-pot again, so as to keep it all nice and hot for the next train. This saves sugar and milk, the wear and tear of tea-spoons and tea-cups, and other weighty matters, amounting to considerable in the course of a year. I have seen this done, and tasted the fluid, and was at some loss to know how it was already sweetened, until I saw the fellow do as I have stated.

MAKING CHANGE.—Making change consists in mistaking a quarter for ten cents; and when the passenger insists that he knows what he gave, and demands the proper amount, he is met with abuse, and made the target of all sorts of impudence. Moral—don't give the rascals a cent without telling them the denomination of the bill.

SLEEPING-CAR TRICKS.—These consist in pretending to have no berths; that all are taken, but that if your name is given one may turn up. If you suggest a bonus of fifty cents as an incentive for the porter to look again, he will probably find he has made a mistake, and "really forgot about that one in the corner." If you don't offer the bonus you won't get the berth, but the next man that comes may secure it, because the porter finds he can not make any thing. Why are such fellows hired at all? They are universally rude in their behavior, and assign you a berth as if it were a great favor. Why are not tickets sold at the railway offices, so that passengers would not be obliged to pull out their money again, and be at the mercy of pickpockets at the last moment?

The management at present is disgraceful to America. It is one of the greatest nuisances of a nuisance-ridden traveling community. The charges are enormous—two dollars for a berth from New York to Boston—and the service is execrable.

INSOLENCE OF RAILWAY EMPLOYES.—This is one of the most painful trials passengers are subjected to. Good Mr. PECKSNIFF, who travels from New York to Philadelphia once a year, and meets with no untoward occurrence, says, as he reads this, "I wonder what this grumbler is talking about now; no one ever insults me!" I suggest to Mr. PECKSNIFF that if he will travel two hundred and fifty days in the year, as I and many others do, he will have some new ideas on this head. On some roads you will meet really civil conductors, who stop and answer questions with great patience and good-nature, and give you all the information in their power; but unfortunately these are rare, and in a majority of instances if you ask a conductor the time he arrives or leaves, he will throw you an answer over his shoulder moving on; taking it for granted that as he knows all about it every one else does, and it is only a bothersome passenger who is not entitled to consideration. "But," says PECKSNIFF again, "they have to answer the same question so many times a day it makes 'em cross." Yes, but is it not their duty to answer the questions of passengers relating to the affairs of travel? Yea, . they inquire ninety-and-nine hundred times! They should take service with that understanding, and the Presidents and Superintendents of the road are responsible for these things by not discharging rude men from their employ. We do not expect to find Lord CHESTERFIELD "braking" on a train or selling tickets, but we do expect ordinary civility and decent treatment as travelers.

Just ask a baggage-man, the next time he throws your trunk end over end out of a baggage-car, to be a little more careful. Say to him as follows:

"My friend, you will smash my trunk all to pieces if you use it so; handle it with common care."

What do you think you will get for an answer? Just this:

"—— —— *your soul! Don't you come botherin round me or I'll serve you worse than the trunk.*"

Now should any Company suffer such a profane blackguard to insult passengers in this way? They do, however, and all over the United States there are plenty of them reading these lines at this moment and laughing; as if they were written to cause merriment instead of being, as they are, a public rebuke of their shameful want of decency.

The fact of it is, Mr. Editor, that Americans are the most long-suffering and patient travelers in the world. They will stand up for fifty miles, or sit on a wood-box when they have paid for a seat, rather than be abused for claiming what they have paid for.

Mr. VANDERBILT, of the Hudson River and Harlem Roads, as he sits in his office reading these lines, Mr. JACKSON, of the New Jersey Railroad, and other officials all over the country know full well that they have conductors, baggage-masters, and brakemen on their lines about whom complaints are made every day. Why are they retained? Perhaps I am answered, "Because they understand their business, and are good men for the Company." Very well! are there no civil people in the world who are good for the Company and understand their business?

It is very plain that you can not legislate this matter; you can only appeal to the better feeling of the controlling officers. Mr. VANDERBILT would not tolerate a rude servant in his household for an instant. One that insulted his guests would be given in charge of the police; yet every day, yes, and fifty times a day, on his line, people who pay for the privilege of riding in his cars are abused and maltreated most grossly without any remedy.

Instructions ought to be posted in every conductor's room, and in every car, to the effect that they are required to answer all questions of passengers relating to travel in a full and satisfactory manner, and that any rudeness, clearly proven, would be punished by stoppage of pay or discharge.

Surely this is not unreasonable. We are compelled to pay whatever railroads choose to charge us, but are the officers not bound by the commonest principles of trade to fulfill their contract with the purchaser of tickets? If one of your clerks should insult Mr. President of a railroad when he came to buy a paper I think you would be apt to hear of it; or if you sold him half a paper at the price of a whole one he would indignantly demand if you intended to swindle him? But this same person will look on in his car, see passengers standing up when they have paid full fare, and if he notices the matter at all from his own comfortable seat, look at it as one of the inevitable results of owning a railroad, and so dismiss the matter utterly. What is wrong in one instance is certainly so in another when a principle is involved.

If this letter is pointed out to a Railroad President, and he be requested to read it, as it contains some wholesome truths plainly told, he will reply that if he noticed all the attacks on his Corporation grumbling or irritable passengers wrote to the newspapers, he would have no time for any thing else; for honestly setting about reformation, endeavoring to remove all reasonable cause of complaint—that is a thing not to be thought of.

MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHIES.

THERE will be many collections of biographies of the brave men who served and fell in the war, which will become a literature of themselves, and will always be read with inexpressible tenderness and interest. Among the earliest in appearance and of a singular charm are the Harvard Memorial Biographies and the Memoirs of Rhode Island Officers. The first of these is in two large handsome octavos, and contains the memoirs of ninety-five graduates of Harvard College—from JAMES S. WADSWORTH, of the class of 1828, to CABOT RUSSEL, of the class of 1865, who fell in the war, sometimes by disease contracted in the service, but generally upon the field. The Harvard Memoirs are by various hands, and are edited by Colonel THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. The Rhode Island Memorial is a comely small quarto, of 452 pages, with thirty-five portraits and illustrations, edited by Hon. JOHN R. BARTLETT, Secretary of the State of Rhode Island. It commemorates one hundred and eight officers of that State, of whom sixty-four are dead, and forty-four living; and of the living there are memoirs only of those who commanded regiments or batteries. In the list of Rhode Island heroes there are 2 Governors, 14 Generals, 17 Colonels, 7 Lieutenant-Colonels, 5 Majors, 1 Surgeon, 19 Captains, 39 Lieutenants, and 4 naval officers of various ranks. The life of General BURNSIDE is the most elaborate in the volume, and will correct many misunderstandings.

The value of such books is not local, although many of the names are familiar but to a few hearts. For the cause was of no section, but of the whole country, and the valor with which it was defended was as universal as it was noble. In turning such pages we feel more freshly and keenly what a costly sacrifice of youth and promise and moral force the long and terrible struggle required. But we do not close the book without a profound conviction that these brave boys knew why they died, and that their blood cries to us from the ground to be sure that we know also, and to take care that they did not die in vain.

Both these volumes are published by subscription, and but a few copies beyond those subscribed for were issued. But many a son of Harvard and son of Rhode Island will be glad, if possible, to have one. The former should apply to Messrs. SEVER & FRANCIS, Cambridge, Massachusetts; the latter to Hon. J. R. BARTLETT, Providence, Rhode Island.

LITERARY.

"The Life and Times of Red Jacket" is a well-known work of the late WILLIAM L. STONE, which is now edited by his son of the same name, who adds a memoir of his father. Mr. STONE was long one of the most conspicuous citizens of New York, and an admirable editor. His interest in the early colonial and Indian history of this State was remarkable; and his Life of BRANT and of RED JACKET, with the Life and Times of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, for which he collected the material, but which his son finished, are of high value to the historian and scholar. The account which the son gives of his father's position upon the question of slavery in the District of Columbia forty years ago is peculiarly interesting at this time, when the late slaves are both citizens and voters. Judge WILLIAM JAY urged upon Mr. STONE the advocacy of the abolition of slavery in the District, in which the editor did not hesitate. The Alexandria *Gazette* ventured to utter a threat upon the subject, and Mr. STONE remarks, in 1826, "What does the man mean? He surely forgets which party, in the event of an exertion of physical strength, would wield the club of Hercules." Extracts from letters written about this time by various eminent men to Mr. STONE show that the struggle began to be foreseen. In 1829 Judge AMBROSE SPENCER writes to him from Washington that there will be a warm contest for the Presidency, and that "the battle will be between the slave and the non-slaveholding States." JOHN QUINCY ADAMS writes in the same strain. The work is published by MUNSELL, in Albany.

"A Digest of the Laws of Texas," by GEO. W. PASCHAL, is published by BANKS & BROTHERS, New York; S. S. NICHOLS, Galveston; and W. H. & O. H. MORRISON, Washington. It is a copious and complete work, the result of long experience and of great research and patience. Its object is to give the statutes and a digest of the decisions of the Supreme Court in the same volume. It contains also essential historical documents: The Constitution of the Republic of Texas—that of the State—the "Confederate" Constitution—the Ordinances of Secession—and the Constitution adopted under the President's Provisional Government. To the lawyer the work must be an authority, while to the general political student it is of great interest. Judge PASCHAL is known as one of the men of Texas who, with his son—a soldier in the Union army—remained faithful, and paid the penalty of patriotism in that State, where the fires of rebellion blazed most fiercely. He is now a practicing lawyer in New York, and his knowledge and experience of his State will commend him to all who need counsel on Texan matters.

A FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

MISS GARRETT, the female physician who is conquering London prejudices, is described as a slender, golden-haired young lady, who dresses with a taste which few English women exercise. An American lady, who recently met her at an evening party in London, remarked that it was curious to hear this girlish little creature in white silk talk of her practice, her office, and the daily work she did. Very simply and naturally she spoke of these things, expressing hearty love for her work, confidence in its success, and satisfaction in her daily increasing power to help and comfort. She will be likely to conquer those who make all manner of fun of medical ladies—who wonder how they behave when calling on a patient; and declare it their belief that it will be something after the following fashion:

"Well, my dear, and how are you to-day?"

"No better, thank you, doctress; I feel so dreadfully depressed!"

"Depressed! Well, we will soon put that all right with a new bonnet."

"And I feel so dreadfully cold! I can't get warm any how."

"Yes, yes! I will order you a cashmere shawl, to be applied to the back. I think it will relieve you."

"And at night I can not sleep."

"Dear, dear! We really must take more exercise. We must positively go to the opera oftener than we do."

"But it seems quite an exertion to stir from the house."

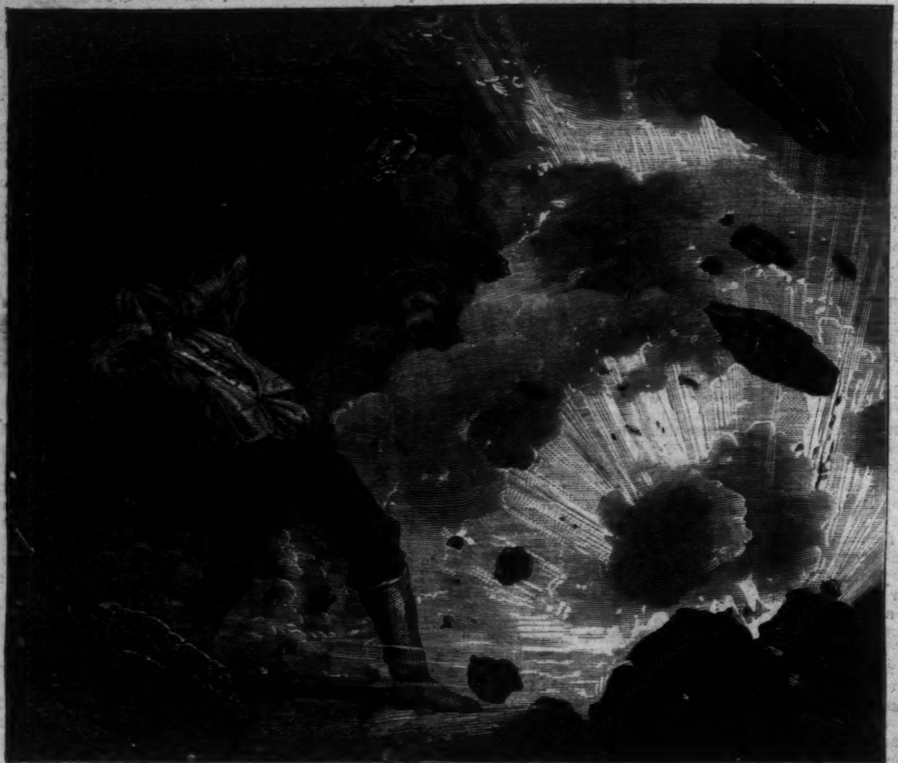
"Of course, I understand. Now if I prescribe you a couple of silk dresses, do you think you could manage to take them?"

"I am sure I will try any thing, if I can only get well. I have such dreadful dismal thoughts; I fancy all sorts of shocking things!"

"We must be patient. We can't expect to be cured in a moment. I will tell you what we must do. To-night you shall put your feet in new boots; and whenever you go out be very careful to wrap well round your throat a thick gold chain. We must cheer up. I will tell your husband to give you a stimulating draught, which they will make up for you at the banker's, and then I think we shall do very nicely."

Seriously, we do believe such a style of treatment would be uncommonly beneficial to many ladies.

☞ FOR NEWS ITEMS SEE PAGE 62.



COAL-MINE DISASTER IN ENGLAND—THE EXPLOSION.

COAL-MINE DISASTER IN ENGLAND—DESCENT OF VOLUNTEERS.

THE MINE EXPLOSION IN ENGLAND.

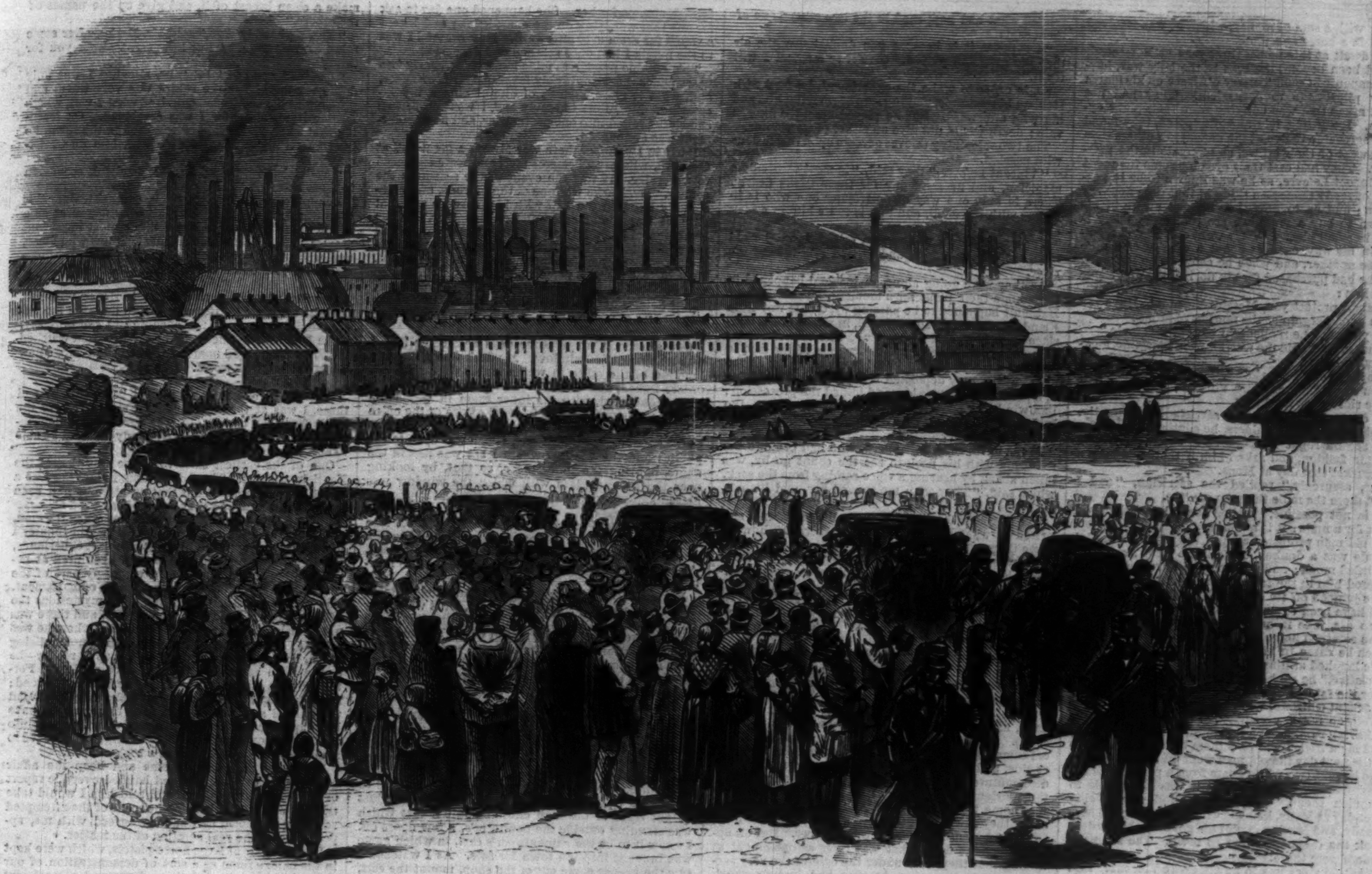
FEW of us ever think, as we sit by our cheerful grate-fires in winter, of the hardships and the terrible dangers to which the poor miners are exposed in extracting coal from the earth. To us each of these bright, blazing bits of coal represents so much of comfort and enjoyment; to them it has represented so much of labor, so much of peril. Other laborers toil as hard, and, in many cases, are exposed to as great dangers; but they, at least, are allowed scope of movement, free air, the sight of the sun, and a clear outlook upon the world around them. But the miner, only at intervals of short duration, is allowed the enjoyment of such life as is possible nowhere but in the daylight; the most of *his* life is hid in a darkness deeper than that of common night, and a little lamp is his miserable substitute for moon and stars. And by the merest accident—by the contact of the little flame in that lamp with the gaseous vapor which envelops him all around—there comes a sudden eclipse to his eyes, a deafening crash to his ears, and for him, and, alas! also for his fellow-laborers, the sepulchral darkness of the narrow corridor becomes the darkness of an eternal night. Perhaps the catastrophe hides him forever from human eyes, or, if ever he returns to the common light of day, it is but a heap of ashes or a mutilated semblance of the human form.

Such a catastrophe lately happened to over three hundred laborers in the Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley, in Yorkshire, England. No manner of death can be more fearful than that which attends a mine explosion. The laborers know well the danger which is nearing them, vaguely, but too certainly; for a perceptible trembling of the earth heralds the quick-coming fate.

When the first rumbling was heard at the Oaks Colliery there were at least 333 at that moment working in the mine. It is said that a farrier, who had descended into the mine to shoe the horses, imprudently removed the protecting cover of his lamp, in order to see more clearly, and immediately the gas was ignited. This supposition is based on the subsequent discovery of a lamp, thus uncovered, beside the mutilated corpse of the farrier. The igniting of the gas was followed by an explosion which was heard outside for a great distance, exciting the most painful anxiety in all hearts for the fate of the miners. Twenty-seven brave men volunteered to encounter the perils of a descent into the pit. They found some of the victims, and returned with 24, of whom 18 were still alive. The scene at the opening of the pit, where friends and families gathered about the dead and mangled bodies, can not be described.

The 27 volunteers again descended to continue their search, when a second explosion took place, as violent as the first, and then a third. The mine now became enveloped in flames, and it seemed inevitable that the volunteers had perished as well as the miners. Nearly two days passed, and preparations were made for flooding the mine to extinguish the fire and to prevent farther accidents. Sud

COAL-MINE DISASTER IN ENGLAND—DEAD AND MANGLED BODIES.



COAL-MINE DISASTER IN ENGLAND—THE FUNERAL.

denly the signal-bell sounds, and it is announced that some one still living is in the pit. A bottle of brandy, tempered with water, is let down by a rope. But who will venture into the pit to rescue the unfortunate sufferer? Two men, named Hammont and Emerton, volunteer. A machine is improvised, and the two men in a basket are let down into the abyss. At the end of a quarter of an hour they have reached the bottom. They call out; but there is no response. They can see at a little distance a conflagration still going on, feeding upon the coal, and looking like an image of hell. Upon repeating their call a feeble voice responds, "Save me! save me!" They find a man—one solitary man—living, Samuel Brown by name. They bind him to the basket. Still they wait and call; but in vain. No one answers; and as the fire is nearing them every moment they give the signal and are withdrawn by the same means by which they descended.

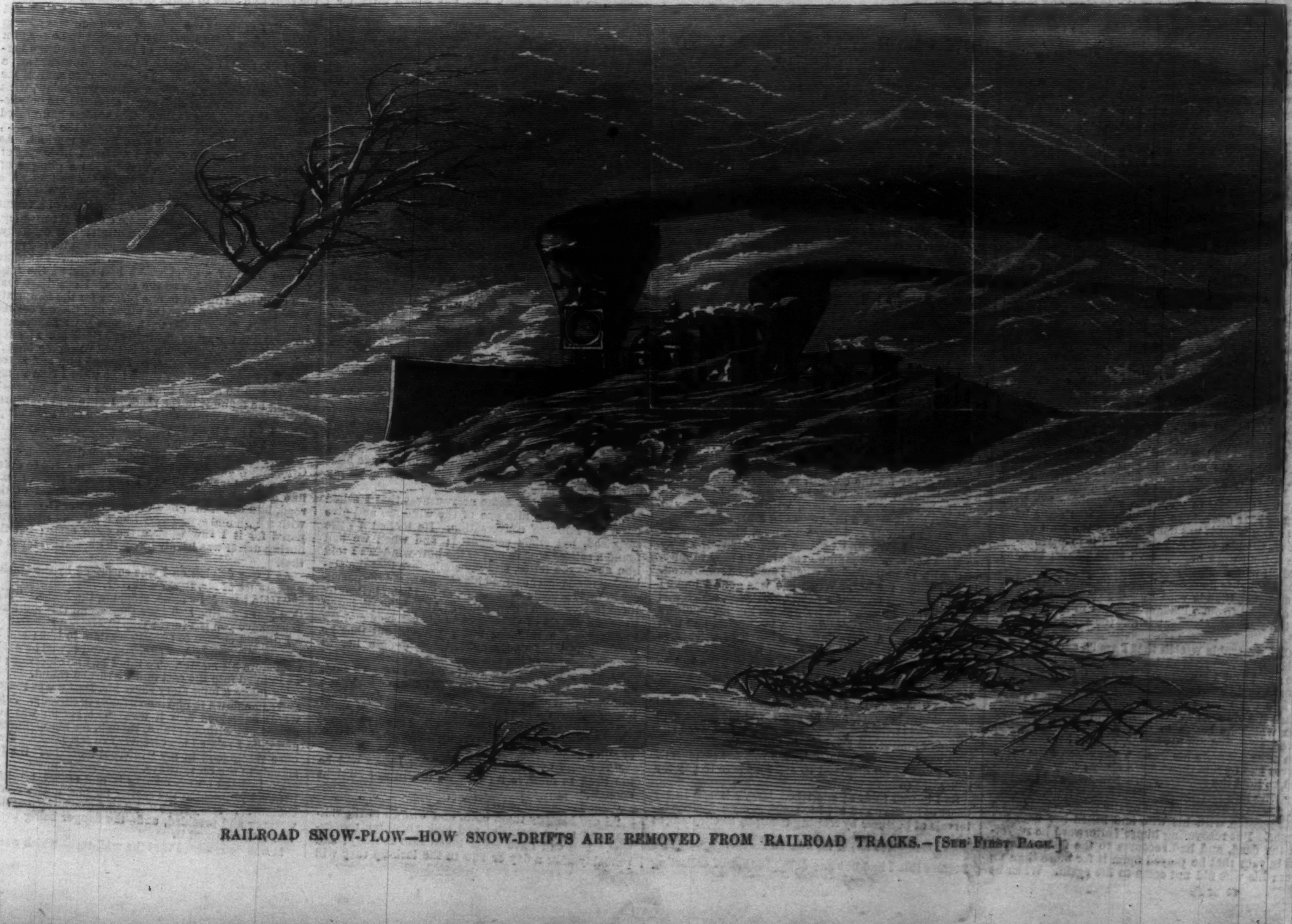
The man thus rescued had been thirty-six hours in the pit. He had witnessed, from a hollow in which he had been crouching, the death of men and horses. Finally he had succeeded in making his way toward the opening, where he found, by means of the signal-bell, a way of making his situation known. Brown recovered, and now relates to astonished hearers his subterranean adventures.

Grief and desolation now reign at the little village. Every house is in mourning over some of the victims of the explosion. The funeral was an impressive one. All of the village, who were not numbered among the sufferers, attended. All over England the most intense sympathy has been aroused, and extensive contributions have been made for the comfort of the bereaved families.

THE THREE THIEVES.

There existed at Boussu, in 1188 (a respectable epoch), an honest sacristan named Vincent Lefevre. He was old. His good-nature and zeal had assured him a sufficiency in his old age: few people died without leaving him something in their wills. He was good and simple, and yet cunning withal, and he lived happily, untroubled by thieves, having only an old man for attendant, who was called Claude, and who treated the sacristan as a relative.

As he grew feeble, and it became a trouble to walk, while he still liked to attend the weekly market at Mons, where he indulged freely in beer, Claude persuaded him to purchase a steed; so he went forth one



RAILROAD SNOW-PLOW—HOW SNOW-DRIFTS ARE REMOVED FROM RAILROAD TRACKS.—[See First Page.]

Saturday with a sum of money, which he was resolved to invest in a horse or a mule.

There dwelt at this epoch three men at Pomerœul, who had been beyond the seas in the holy war, having accompanied Count Thierry d'Alsace on his fourth military pilgrimage to Jerusalem. They had not brought much that was edifying from their pious expedition. Returning idle and dissipated, they found it more agreeable to live at the expense of others than by the sweat of their brows, as many do in the present day. They had cast their eyes for some time past upon Vincent Lefevre, as he was known to be in possession of ready money—a thing at that time not very common; and as to how they became aware of his intention to buy a mule, we are told every thing is known in small places. They went and posted themselves in his way, each at about a quarter of a mile from one another, and when he came by on his mule, which he had purchased for six florins, the first rogue said to him:

"Heaven protect you, Messire Vincent! Have you made a good bargain at the market of Mons?"

"As you see," he replied, "I bought this mule."

"What mule?" said the warrior from Palestine, looking around him.

"Why, the one I am riding."

"You are joking, Messire Vincent; the beast that you are riding is a donkey."

"A donkey!" replied the sacristan, indignantly. And, shrugging his shoulders, he continued his way.

The second rogue he came up to saluted him after the same fashion, and asked him if there had been a good market that day at Mons.

"Yes, assuredly," replied the sacristan, "and I bought there the mule that you see."

"It is not possible," replied the other, "that you took it for a mule; it is a donkey."

The old man protested against the supposition that his mule was a donkey, but still he went away in a dissatisfied mood; and meeting the third rogue, who addressed him in the same terms, he felt so annoyed that he jumped off its back with greater activity than would have been expected from his age, saying: "If it is an ass, take it, and make what you can of it." And he returned home on foot much disconcerted.

When he came in and related what had happened Claude laughed at him.

"Relative," he said, "they have played you a trick, and for the future every one at Harchis, at Pomerœul, and at Saint Ghislain, will look upon you as a fool."

"Well, do not vex yourself," replied the sacristan, after having ruminated a few minutes; "if they have played me a trick I will play them two."

So the next day the old man went off to Quaregnon, and he bought two white goats from a peasant, which so resembled one another that it was impossible to distinguish them. The Saturday following, being market-day at Mons, he bade Claude have a good supper ready, and leaving one of his goats in the garden, he took the other with him to town. The three ex-crusaders were there.

"What do you come to buy, Messire Vincent?" said they to the sacristan.

"Provisions," he replied; "and if you will come and partake of them with me it will afford me much pleasure."

The companions accepted joyfully. The sacristan, having selected fish and poultry, placed the load on the back of the goat, and said to it, as if it could understand him:

"Go away home, and tell them to cook the things forthwith, after the best fashion. Tell them also to have a pasty, and do not loiter on the way."

The three boon companions looked at one another in astonishment, wondering if the old man had lost his senses. The goat, in the mean time being set free, went its way, and Heaven knows into whose hands it fell. After having walked for some time with his three guests, and partaken of some of the old beer for which Mons was famous, Vincent Lefevre, deeming it was getting near supper-time, led his friends away to Boussu. When they arrived there the three ex-crusaders saw the white goat in the garden, and took it for the one they had seen at market. They were filled with surprise, and their astonishment augmented when they heard the sacristan say to Claude:

"Have you done what I sent you word by the goat?"

"Yes," replied the other. And they sat down to table, where were the fish, the poultry, and the pasty. The rogues looked at one another, and deeming that it would not be easy to steal the goat they said to the old man:

"Messire Vincent, you must sell us that white goat."

"I have no objections," said the sacristan, "if you are prepared to give me forty golden florins for it."

The goat seemed such a wonder that the three rogues counted out the money and took it away with them.

Next market-day they said to their wives:

"Have ready for supper for us what we shall send you, and do as you will be told." Then they took their way from Pomerœul to the market at Mons with the goat, loaded it with provisions, and told it what it must say to their wives. But when they got home, and they inquired what had been done with the provisions sent home on the goat, their wives could not understand what they meant, for the goat had not come back, and, indeed, like its predecessor, was never more heard of.

"Some one has played you a trick," they said, "as you do to others daily when you get the chance."

The three robbers took up their daggers in a great passion, and swore that they would have the sacristan's life. But Vincent Lefevre was prepared for them, and had warned Claude. He knew that he must act solely on the defensive with the ex-crusaders, for they were protected by the Count of Hainault, Baldwin V., the Courageous, who always sided with his old soldiers. When he saw them coming in so great a passion, he said to them:

"Friends, listen to me. If a misfortune has happened to your goat, have patience, it will come back again: and what it has done must be the fault of my relative, Claude, who has permitted it to partake of some intoxicating herbs. So I shall punish him, as you shall witness."

And so saying he drew a long knife from his girdle, and stabbing Claude with it, there came forth a torrent of blood (from a bladder secreted in his clothes), and the faithful attendant fell at the same time as if dead.

"Oh! miserable wretch that I am!" exclaimed the sacristan. "What have I done? I have killed my relative; and now I must resuscitate him, if I have only strength sufficient."

While the three rogues of Pomerœul stood there aghast, the old man went away and brought in a flute, upon which he began to play a lively air. Claude moved, stretched out his hands, opened his eyes, and soon after got upon his feet. The anger of the three thieves had by this time passed away; they began, indeed, to hold the sacristan rather in awe, and finished by giving him forty more florins for his flute.

A few days afterward one of the robbers got into a great passion with his wife and killed her with his dagger. But recovering himself afterward he regretted the deed, and had recourse to the flute. But it was in vain that he played upon it for more than an hour; his wife did not come to life again. When he related what had happened to the two others, one of them said:

"I suppose it is because you don't know the air that the sacristan played. Give it to me, and I will try it."

So, in order to make the experiment, he forthwith stabbed his comrade, making sure of reviving him and his wife afterward. But he played upon the flute in vain; death would not give up either of its victims.

The two remaining thieves became upon this furious with passion.

"Vincent Lefevre," they said, "is most assuredly a magician, and he shall pay for these tricks dearly. There is only one way of destroying one who is in league with the devil, and that is to tie him in a sack and cast him into the Haine."

They accordingly went away, seized upon the old man, tied him in a sack, and carried him toward the river.

As they were going along an incident happened to disarrange their plans for a moment. The Count of Hainault happened to be passing by, on his way from Flanders, where he then reigned, in virtue of his marriage with Margaret of Alsatia. The two comrades being obliged, according to the custom of the day, to salute the count, and to join his escort as far as the next village, they deposited the sack and its contents in a ditch by the way-side, and joined the procession; Baldwin being accompanied by his wife and son, the brilliant young prince who was one day to be Emperor of Constantinople.

In the mean time a shepherd, who had come to the road-side with his flock to see the count go by, was taken aback by hearing a voice coming from the sack, which said, "They wish me to wed her, and I won't, for she is lame."

The shepherd hastened to untie the sack, and, surprised at what he saw, asked the sacristan how he came there.

"I was put here," replied the sacristan, "because Monseigneur the Count of Hainault wishes me to marry his daughter, the beautiful Yolande; but I won't do it, for she is lame."

The shepherd said, musingly, "Do you think, messire, they would give her to me? I should be willing to marry her."

"Most assuredly they would give her to you," replied the sacristan, "for she is lame. But you must allow yourself to be tied in this sack, and carried away without saying a word."

The shepherd did as he was bade, and Vincent Lefevre, having tied him, went away with his flock of sheep. A quarter of an hour afterward the ex-crusaders came back, lifted up the sack, carried it to the river-side, and then threw it into the water, to the great discomfiture of the poor shepherd. Thinking then of the glorious revenge they had had, they took their way home to their village. As they were journeying along they saw a flock of sheep close by, and resolved to try and secure a lamb for their supper. But on approaching the flock what was their astonishment at finding that they were under the care of the very sacristan whom they thought they had just drowned. Rubbing their eyes, they asked him how he had managed to get out of the river.

"Leave me alone," he said to them; "you are no better than asses. If you had thrown me in ten paces farther I should have come back with ten times as many sheep."

The ex-crusaders, feeling more and more assured that they had to do with a proficient in the black art, became quite respectful.

"Messire Vincent Lefevre," they said, "let by-gones be by-gones. It is in your power to make honest men of us. Only consent to place us each in a sack, and throw us into the Haine as far as you can."

"I will do it," replied the sacristan; "but only on your promise that you will mend your ways and become good members of society."

The rogues promised, and the old sacristan, tying each in a bag, cast them into the river, where they reckoned upon finding rich flocks, but only found the shepherd.

HOW I WON POLLY AND A POST-MASTERSHIP.

I was the second sub-clerk at the Cowford Office when the postmaster, Mr. Dwerryman, was compelled to resign rather suddenly through ill health. As a consequence the first sub-clerk, Chaundy, and I had to do the chief's work between us until a fresh appointment was made. It was thought in the office that Chaundy was likely to get, not the Cowford Office, but that of Moilingam, the postmaster of which would probably be transferred to Cowford. He was the likeliest candidate for our vacancy, though Chaundy had been recommended for it by Dwerryman, who was a man much thought of at head-quarters. It was supposed that Chaundy was sure to get some sort of promotion; and I think it puffed him up a little, for he seemed to give himself the airs of a superior, and certainly made me do the lion's share of the work.

I didn't care. I was poor and a sub-clerk, and I never expected to be any thing else. Indeed, I scarcely desired to be any thing else. And why? Because I was in love. That is a thing to make most men ambitious; but it only made me, if not contented, at all events submissive under poverty. I had fallen in love with the heiress of one of the richest land-owners in the county; and I knew no possible position within my limited sphere would or could ever qualify me to become a suitor for her hand. Dreams of ambition therefore did not trouble me. Had the office of postmaster-general or secretary been vacant, and made the prize of a severe competitive examination, I would have given the best years of my life, poor scholar as I was, to study for the contest, in order to try and win a position that would make me worthy of her. Failing, I should have come back without a murmur to my high stool, with a bold face and a broken heart.

She was a lovely girl—such a merry, bright glimpse of sunshine! We first became acquainted—if I may so term her condescending ever after to bow to me—on one St. Valentine's-day, when I stamped some twenty valentines for her. When she was gone I looked them over—not without a pang of jealousy, which was allayed when I found they were either to school-fellows or old gentlemen—her godfather, her uncles, and that sort of thing. A more innocent batch of valentines never swelled Her Majesty's revenue.

How a man like her father could ever have had so charming a daughter I can't understand. Mr. Darke was a harsh, proud man, stern on the bench, and heartless at the board. He was severity itself with all tramps and beggars, and he preserved his game with the utmost strictness. There was a fierce hatred and a feud of long standing between him and the poachers, who were tolerably plentiful. He was not the sort of man I was at all disposed to ask for leave to pay my addresses to his daughter.

So I bowed to fate; cherished Mary's image in my heart of hearts; and used to comfort myself in the intervals of business by reciting mentally Shelley's lines about

"The love of the moth for the star."

Besides this I had but one delight—that of collecting foreign stamps for her. She happened one day to ask for one that was lying on the office-ledge; and I kept a watch for them ever afterward. How grateful I was to the mania I had once scorned and despised!

This humble passion of mine had existed nearly two years under these not highly favorable circumstances, and, what is more, instead of diminishing it was increasing. Meantime Chaundy and I went on as two sub-clerks rolled into one postmaster, and no appointment was announced.

Early in December there was always a great ball at Cowford, whereat all classes met, and were supposed to fraternize. It was the event of the season in the county. Mr. Darke was one of the patrons, and occasionally honored the ball with his presence and that of "his lovely and accomplished daughter," as the local journal gushingly styled her. This year he had not announced his intention of going, and it was generally supposed therefore that he would not be present. He had just made a fierce raid on the poachers, and was reported to head his watchers nightly in person, being determined to put down the gang, two of the ringleaders of which had just been sentenced to long imprisonments through his instrumentality.

One afternoon, about three days before the ball, I was looking out of window. My desk was just at the junction of the office in which letters were received, orders issued, and transactions with the public generally conducted, with the inner room in which the sorting was done, and the internal affairs of the office were arranged. These two rooms formed two sides of the small court or vestibule, which was open to the public; and the window where I sat was just in the angle, lighting the inner office, so that, by looking over the ground glass with which the window was glazed half-way up, I could see in profile all applicants at the outer office.

The other clerks were at tea—a meal I did not care for; and I had, just as an occupation, cleared the box and sorted the letters, and then returned to my desk. As I mounted the stool I saw one of Mr. Darke's servants post a letter.

He was only a stable-help, and had but lately entered Mr. Darke's service; yet I knew him, for it was a silly fancy of mine to watch all Mary's surroundings with minute care, and picture to myself where I should have made alterations and improvements, supposing I had been rich enough to make her mine.

I noticed that the fellow peered round, as if anxious to see if he were observed. Not noticing my face at the window, owing to the deepening twilight, he seemed reassured and slipped a letter into the box. There was something so odd about this that I at once went to the box and took it out: perhaps I half expected it was from Mary. It was in a wretched scrawl, probably the fellow's own, and was addressed "J. M., Post-office, Cowford (To be called for)." I hurried to a window which gave a view of the street, and just caught sight of the man climbing into a cart which was standing outside the poulterer's, a few doors off. I knew it to be the gamekeeper's cart, in which game was brought into the town for sale. As I watched I saw the keeper come out of the shop, mount the cart, and drive off. The help had evidently taken advantage of his absence to steal off and post his missive.

I don't know why I took any further notice of the letter. Having ascertained it was his, I ought to have dismissed all thought of it. But somehow I did not. I watched anxiously to see who would come and claim it.

The claimant appeared next day: a couple of rough-looking fellows—railway laborers to all appearance—came in, and one of them asked for a letter for "J. M." Having obtained it, they drew aside into a corner and opened it; and the corner happened to be the one where my window was. With the utmost precaution against making any noise to alarm them, I raised the sash about an inch and listened.

The first words I caught were, "will go to the ball, and he won't return till latish."

"That's the time for me! That's the time, as he's comin' back agin," remarked the listener, in a hoarse whisper.

"There'll be none with him but young miss, for there's none stopping here. Willis"—(that was the coachman's name, I knew)—"will drive the chestnuts. This is all I know; I shall post it when I'm in town with keeper, and sha'n't be in again till next week."

"That'll do," said the man, when he had finished reading; "we'll finish off th' ball for'n wi' a dance he won't loike!"

"Yes, durn un!" said the other; and with that the two moved off.

This discovery of mine settled a doubt that had been perplexing me. I had been undecided whether to go to the ball or not. The expense, and a feeling that I could not hope to do more than see Mary, without speaking to her, had deterred me. Now I felt I might go and warn her father of his danger; and by so doing perhaps not only do a service to the woman I loved, but perhaps be rewarded by exchanging a few words with her; by hearing her thanks; by—but I dared not dream of such happiness as dancing with her.

So I purchased a ticket; and when the momentous time arrived went to the ball with a beating heart, and a terrible sensation of choking in my throat. I took my station near the entrance until Mr. Darke arrived. Before long his carriage drove up, and he and Mary alighted. As he turned to tell the coachman at what hour to fetch him I saw a man push forward through the crowd, as if to hear what time he named, and then disappear. It was the man who had claimed the letter addressed "J. M."

This gave fresh strength to my resolution—which was needed, for I had begun to think I was dreaming, or had been mistaken, or exaggerated the case. Such a feeling was not unnatural under the circumstances; but the sight of the poacher—for I had no doubt he was one, and that was why he wished to revenge himself on Mr. Darke—had the effect of reviving all my previous convictions.

It was not without some nervousness that I asked Mr. Darke to step into one of the windows and give me a few minutes' conversation. He looked a little surprised, but stiffly consented; and when we had found a retired seat in one of the bow-windows I told him about the letter, and my conjecture that the stable-help had either entered his service to aid the poachers in their scheme of revenge, or had been bribed by them to give them information. At first he proposed to take a couple of policemen in his carriage and try to capture the ruffians; but I pointed out that he would alarm his daughter—perhaps expose her to danger, supposing the poachers had fire-arms.

"Quite right. Thank you! I had forgotten that, and more—that if she once fancies I am in danger she will be frightened to death whenever I am away from home. What do you propose?"

"Can you return home by any other route?"

"Yes, by two others, involving a circuit of a couple of miles or so."

"Then go by one of those. Miss Darke will be too tired to observe it; besides, it will not be light enough."

"But I should like to catch the scoundrels."

"I can identify them both, and will go to the railway and make inquiries and look about me to-morrow. You can have them taken into custody; and probably after a day or two in the lock-up they will make a clean breast of it, and give up the names of the others."

"Yes, perhaps best so," said Mr. Darke, after some minutes' reflection. "But how can I thank you for this?"

I declined any special thanks, alleging I was only doing my duty; but the squire was very warm and pressing in his gratitude—inquired what I was, where I came from, and how I was employed. On learning that I had no friends or relatives in the town, he insisted on my coming to dine with him on Christmas-day.

"And I hope we shall be able to drink confusion to these rascals," he said, in conclusion.

I suppose he was in a particularly good temper this evening; for he introduced me to his daughter as a friend of his who had rendered him a most important service. He little suspected that she knew who I was, and was terribly puzzled to think how a post-office clerk could have laid her father under such an obligation.

I mustered courage to ask her to dance with me, and she consented. But why try to describe the unexpected happiness of the evening? I can only say, when I had handed her into the carriage and watched it drive off, I walked home as if I had come into a new life and a brighter world.

Though I did not get home till between two and three, I was at the office again by six to receive the mails from the district. I was tired; but I determined that no one—especially Chaundy—should be able to accuse me of neglecting work.

One of the earliest carts to arrive was that of the Fentleby district. The driver came in looking like a ghost, and stammered out that an attempt had been made to rob him, and that he had been fired at.

Chaundy not being in the office I examined the man, and took down his answers in writing. On inquiry I found that his route had brought him past Grasslands, Mr. Darke's house, and that he had been fired at between there and Cowford, at a very ugly part of the road, where it ran beside a canal, on an embankment. The more I questioned him the more mysterious the affair appeared. He had seen no one, and there was not a bush or a stone to hide a man just where he was fired at; but as he was jogging along—not noticing much, he said, but probably half-asleep in reality—he saw a flash and heard the report of a pistol. Fortunately the old horse was steady and knew the road; so he only sprang forward at a quickened pace. Had the animal shied or swerved, the driver might have been upset into the canal or hurled over the bank into the fields below—quite a sufficient height to have led to some serious fractures, if not a broken neck.

I told our man to go home and keep the affair quiet; went to Chaundy, and handed over the report of the occurrence to him, and told him I would take the cart and go and inspect the scene of the attempted robbery; for such, as Chaundy agreed with me, appeared to be the real solution of the matter.

I took a pair of large horse-pistols, which were kept in the chief's room as a sort of demonstration of our defensive force, loaded them, borrowed a great-coat of one of the men, and drove off to the scene of the adventure.

It was a keen, cold, but still morning. As I was whirled through the fresh air all the cobwebs spun in the late hours at the ball were blown out of my brain, and I felt invigorated both physically and mentally. Much of the bewilderment into which the driver's story had thrown me melted as the morning mists were doing; and by the time I reached the spot I had a pretty clear view of the case.

The poachers had waited and waited for Mr. Darke's return, in ignorance of his having taken another road, and supposing the ball to have been kept up, as had sometimes occurred, until a very late, or rather early, hour. About the time when the mail-cart passed they had, however, come to abandon all expectation of falling in with Mr. Darke; and either the sight of the mail-bags had excited their cupidity, or—as seemed more likely, no pursuit having been made—they fired the shot as a joke to alarm the postman.

When I reached the exact spot I dismounted, and carefully examined the ground. The dew was still on the grass, but there was not a footprint to be seen on it. I went over every inch of the bank, and the border of the fields below, with as much minuteness as a well-trained pointer; then I examined the bank of the canal, and, crossing by a lock a little way below, went over the farther bank with equal care. There only remained the road to examine. No vehicle had passed over it since the previous night except the mail-cart, the tracks of whose wheels were freshly marked. As I followed them with my eye I noticed a little spot of ground slightly blackened, and caught a glimpse of bright metal. I hastened to the place and found a strange-looking object, made apparently with two pieces of tin or zinc which bore the traces of a recent explosion. This, then, was some clew to the mystery.

I walked along the road, scrutinizing it carefully, and about twenty yards farther found another of these "infernal machines" not exploded. Farther on I came on the track of a child which had crossed the road from the canal-bridge to the fields. I could see that the child had stopped in one place; for the footprints were repeated, one over the other, and there were the marks of a hand in the dust, where little fingers had scraped it in the act of picking something up. I looked across the fields and saw a small lad "keeping birds." He was the only one astir, so I hailed him and asked him if he had found any thing like what I held in my hand; and he at once produced one from his pocket, saying he found it in the road. I gave him sixpence, which was of more value to him—and safer, even supposing he laid it all out in sweets—than the explosive article I took from him.

Then I mounted the cart again and drove on toward Grasslands, but did not see any thing more. In order to test whether the things I had found would sound like a pistol, I selected a safe and quiet bit of the road, laid one down, and drove over it. It exploded with a flash and sound very like a pistol. Being prepared for it I saw whence the flash came; but the dozing driver was hardly likely to observe so much as that.

As I was driving on I was surprised by the sudden appearance of Mr. Darke's keeper.

"Hold hard!" he cried, stopping the horse. "Was that you shooting? That's the second this morning. What have you got in the trap?"

I did not choose to explain matters to him; and he clearly suspected me of poaching, and vowed he'd take me before his master. To this I had no objection; so he jumped into the cart and we turned round.

To make a long story short Mr. Darke was roused, and came down to find me virtually in custody. A few words explained how it was. The keeper was sent away—not without praise, though, for his vigilance—and then I related my discovery to Mr. Darke. He at once recognized in my "infernal machines" the fog-signals in use on railways.

He insisted on my coming in and taking breakfast before I prosecuted the search farther, and I readily consented. Mary came down in a charming morning-wrapper and presided, and—the danger being over—was told all about it.

It was determined that the mail-cart—which was an

unusual conveyance, and might attract needless attention—should be put up at Grasslands, and that I should go on to the nearest railroad in Mr. Darke's dog-cart.

On reaching the station I found from the station-master that there was a most unpardonable carelessness about the fog-signals; they were not served out to particular men, but kept in a box accessible to any one about the station. The plate-layers, he told me, were the men who used them oftenest; and I found that a party of them were laying fresh rails about a mile off.

I drove to the nearest point to the place he named, and made my way across country to the gang on the line. I recognized my two friends of the post-office among them; and a mode of procedure at once suggested itself to me. It was not strictly legal, perhaps, but it answered my purpose. I went to the ganger, or foreman, and told him I wanted two of his men on a charge of murder. He did not seem inclined to assist me, and told me I must help myself. Luckily I had the pistols with me. I went up to the two men, told them I was a police-officer, and that I had come to take them up on a charge of murdering Mr. Darke. They seemed a little taken aback, but denied the charge stoutly.

"You laid fog-signals on the road last night to frighten his horses, and they upset him into the canal and he's drowned," said I; "so it's murder, my lads. Come along!"

There seemed some inclination to resist the capture, so I took out the pistols.

"Look here," said I; "if I can't take the two I want, lads, I shall shoot the first two that come to hand; and they'll be the first that interfere. You'd best keep quiet, all of you; for there's a warrant out against you all for poaching"—I saw most of them look uncomfortable at this—"and if I give you a bad word it will go hard with you."

This had its effect, coupled with the appearance of the pistols; and I got my men off and marched them in front of me to the road, where I made them get into the dog-cart. The groom drove, and I sat behind with the pistols cocked; and in this form we went back to Grasslands.

I sent the porter on from the lodge, where I made an excuse for a minute or so's delay; and by the time we reached the hall, in accordance with the instructions I had given him, all the blinds were drawn down and Mr. Darke kept out of sight.

The clergyman, who was a magistrate, was sent for; and we examined the prisoners, who broke down completely and confessed all, giving up their accomplices. They had intended to frighten the horses, as I had supposed, without thinking much about the probable consequences—except with the vague notion that they would not be guilty of murder, even if the worst happened. The stable-help turned out to be the son of one of them.

When we had terrified them sufficiently, we called in the real constables, who had been sent for, and they were given into their custody—Mr. Darke walking in presently, much to their alarm—surprise—but ultimately satisfaction.

I have not much more to tell. On my return to the office I found Chaundy had sent off a graphic report to head-quarters, full of blunders, exaggerations, and misstatements—being founded, in fact, solely on what the driver had said. I therefore did not utter a syllable about my doings, but quietly sent off a report of my own, inclosing a document which I had got Mr. Darke to draw up, as magistrate, to confirm my account.

The authorities placed themselves in communication with Mr. Darke; and the result was that in a week the appointment of a new postmaster to Cowford was made; and the new postmaster was not Chaundy: it was I!

I went over to thank Mr. Darke for his part in the matter. He was out; so I thanked Mary. She congratulated me on my promotion, and said she supposed I should marry now. I said no. She inquired why. I at once explained, and made a confession of my audacious love. She—well, she gave me a good reason why I *should* marry, and furthermore told me whom I was to marry—Miss Mary Darke to wit, and no other.

Mr. Darke came in soon after, and I told him all. He was furious at first; but Mary remonstrated with him for his ingratitude, and pointed out that she should be twenty-one in three months, when she should assert her right to become postmistress of Cowford. The squire relented, and we triumphed. We were married soon after Christmas-day, and have lived as happily as the prince and princess of a fairy-tale ever since.

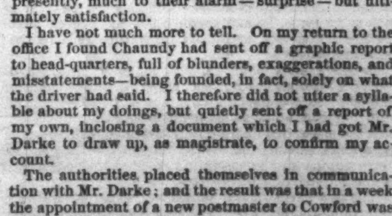
That's how I won Polly—I always call her Polly now, because our eldest girl is called Mary; and she is three years old, and therefore must be treated with respect; and it wouldn't do to have two Marys in the house.

That, I repeat, is how I won Polly and the postmastership—which latter I didn't keep; for the squire makes us a handsome allowance, and I am reading for the Bar. I got my father-in-law to use his influence for Chaundy, who ultimately was appointed postmaster, with a hint not to be *too* clever in future.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Dear Weekly,—I last week received a printed circular, through the post-office, directed in a neat and masterly hand, thus:



I opened it midst great trepidation and excitement, thinking it might be a notice that I had drawn the Astor House, or the Italian Opera, or Pike's Peak, or some other establishment, and that I was to send on five dollars to pay the freight; or it might be a notice from a whisky-inspector, to ask me if I made my own burning fluid; or, still more valuable, it might be an original joke sent to me by some charitable reader of the "Winglets." I opened the envelope, and found the following, printed in brevier type and on excellent paper, notwithstanding the high price of that article:

(Circular.)

Mystic Circular.

H. H. Vanvert, *Engraver*. Der Schwarze, *Alchymist*.

TO ANY PERSON THIS MAY CONCERN, MALE OR FEMALE.

Merchants, Farmers, and *Mechanics* desirous of making money fast and easy, and without any capital to start on, can do so by sending their full address, and they shall receive full particulars by return of mail, and free of post.

Silent members wanted in all parts of the United States for a banking scheme.

Any person desirous of making a fortune, without investing any money to start on, can do so by sending their full address. Henry H. Vanvert,
Montgomery Square, Montgomery Co., Pa.,
at Montgomery House.

To which (if not too late) I would reply:

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Dear Henry,—I am on the look-out for a good investment, as I am at present living by my wits, and am now near the end of them (as you will discover by looking over the "Winglets" for the past month or so, copies of which are kept on file at the office for that purpose), and I am "desirous of making money fast and easy," particularly as refers to the easy: but as I am wholly ignorant as to what a "Der Schwarze" is, you will please enlighten me on that point, and some other points in your kind letter, which I do not fully understand.

I am sorry to say that I am not a Merchant, Farmer, or Mechanic, but I am a "male or female;" and I think I can meet the other requisition of, "without any capital to start on," and on this recommendation I ask for the necessary information.

You may think me queer to shove myself thus upon your notice, but as you are not a stranger to

"SHOVING THE QUEER,"

you will, of course, understand me.

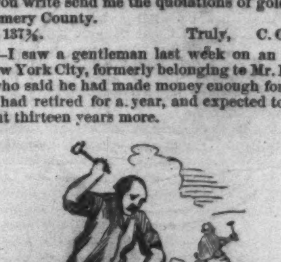
What do I understand by a "silent member" in a banking scheme? I know, in most schemes, "mum" is the word: but is it necessary for a banker, in order to succeed, to keep quiet? Jay Cooke & Co. do not. Up in our Railroad Station he has a big Catechism, equal in the number of its questions to the one you and I used to learn at Sunday-school, called the "Shorter," with Questions and Answers why people should buy the Seven-Thirty Loan, and his name very prominently on it. I like the notion of a "banker," though—always did: and more so since Sir Morton Peto and the rest of those fellows went through our country traveling as "capitalists." I should think "capitalist" was a good *business;* I know it's a good *profession*.

But, Henry, is the money we are to make to be different from the money people make by labor? If that is the case, we might find some difficulty in *changing our quarters* when things were pressing us; and to "hazard all on a die," the *die* ought to be very well engraved. If the stuff is made of "base" metal would we have the same difficulty in "changing our base" that little Mac had? Would the stuff have the true "metallic ring," like the postal currency has around the head of Mr. Clark? And would every thing be done on the Square in Montgomery County, Pa.?

When I send my full address must I make it as full as yours? I don't live in a place with so much name. I think you had better send full information to my boarding-house, No. 3 Koon's Court, Rahway, N. J. When you write send me the quotations of gold up in Montgomery County.

Gold, 137⅜. Truly, C. O. W.

N.B.—I saw a gentleman last week on an Island near New York City, formerly belonging to Mr. Blackwell, who said he had made money enough for once; that he had retired for a year, and expected to retire for about thirteen years more.



I think, Henry, an active life would suit me better. However, send on full information, free of post (or pillory either), directed as before.

P.S.—Dear Weekly: Since the above was written I have seen in the papers that a gang of counterfeiters, known as the "Mystic Circle," has been arrested by the Philadelphia police, having their head-quarters at Montgomery Square. I am afraid my Henry is captured among them, and that the Circle is broken, figuratively and pecuniarily. If so, the law will settle a mathematical problem by squaring it and its account in a summary manner. There was no genuine coin found there—nothing golden but their hopes, which the officers destroyed on the spot. Thus "the best-laid schemes of men and mice gang," as well as other gangs, often wrong, and come to naught.

Your own C. O. W.

SOMERVILLE'S QUANDARY.

Somerville is a good-looking young man, and is well aware of it. He is not a man of property, in the accepted meaning of that term, but he is the proprietor of a pair of long and glossy side-whiskers, which he has solemnly assured me he would not take ten thousand dollars for; I believe he has never been tempted with an offer. I really do not know what Somerville's business is; I don't think he has any, except that of cultivator of his property—*i. e.*, of course, comber of his side-whiskers. I know he is a beau; he is not only a positive beau, however (I regret to add), but a comparative beau—that is, a beau-er. But you generally spell it b-o-r-e, I believe, don't you?

He comes into my room—stop, though!—I should not speak in the present tense, for of late he comes into my room no more.

He was in the habit of sauntering into my room when I was sure to be at my busiest, combing his glossy side-whiskers lovingly, and getting out his gimlet. Then he would bore me by the half-hour. His talk was of his conquests among the fair sex. He had smitten Miss Crœsus at the party last night; he had struck an arrow into the heart of Miss La Crème at the Opera; he was having a "staving" flirtation with Miss Araminta Blumengeld, of Fifth Avenue.

"Tell you what, Schreiber," said he, one day about a month ago, as he sat down and put his boots upon my stove, "I'm in a quandary."

"Are you?" said I; "how did you get there?"

"Oh, I'm in good earnest about it, I tell you. It's no slight matter. I'm going to get married, Schreiber."

"And who is the happy fair one?"

"Ah, that's the rub, as Booth says, you know. That's where the quandary is, you see. There's two of 'em."

"Don't commit bigamy whatever you do," said I.

"Stuff! Of course not. But I don't know which of those two girls to marry. They're both dead in love with me, and—I'll tell you all about it."

I prepared for martyrdom.

"There's Ellen Sweet, you see; she's the first one. You've seen her, haven't you? A lovely creature, and the most heavenly temper. I love her as bad as can be, you know; regularly swept, I am; and she loves me like any thing. I would marry her to-morrow if it wasn't for one thing; she's poor. She's living with her uncle in Fourteenth Street—you know old Sweet?—but he won't give her any thing, of course; he's five daughters of his own to provide for; and Ellen is an orphan, and has got nothing of her own. If she had any thing at all—say ten thousand dollars—I'd let Miss Goldegg go without a sigh. But there it is; Miss Goldegg is an heiress, they say, to not less than a hundred thousand. I've looked into it pretty carefully, and I'm satisfied there is no doubt about it; in fact, it's more than a hundred thousand if any thing. I wouldn't be surprised to find, after I get her, that she's got double that. But then, you see, she's got the devil of a temper, and that makes it bad. She's good-looking enough—at least she gets herself up in first-rate shape—got style, and all that, to perfection; but you see I never did much fancy a tall and thin woman. I'm tall enough and thin enough myself. But she's dead in love with me, Schreiber—in fact, people talk about us; and I do wish I could love her, but I can't. Whenever I try to think tenderly about her up rises the vision of Ellen Sweet's innocent and lovely face, and—by George! it's enough to drive a man crazy! What the fiend is a fellow to do in such a quandary as this?"

"Why, if it was me, Somerville, I should certainly marry the girl I loved, if I married at all. But could you support her if you had her?"

"There it is again! I couldn't support her in the—eh—style of life I'm accustomed to at all. We should have to take rooms at a second-rate boarding-house, and I should have to go to work in some blessed place or other, and be steady and all that, you know—which I couldn't stand."

"Well, then, marry the rich one," said I, earnestly; "I'll agree to be satisfied, if you will."

"But I don't love her! I shall be unhappy—I know I shall—such a temper as she's got! If I could only marry her money, and Ellen Sweet's soul and body!" continued Somerville, rising and walking about the room in great distress.

And then he ran over the whole subject again, after the manner of his kind.

Finally, I gave him my advice soberly:

"Since you ask it, Somerville, you shall have it. Go and marry Miss Sweet, and settle down to a contented life. Change your habits, and become a useful member of society instead of an ornamental one. The man who truly loves a woman will be content with any lot that leaves him peace, a good home, and her. I really think, my boy, that such a woman as Miss Sweet might be the making of you."

"Well, I'll think about it," said he, as he sauntered out, combing his whiskers thoughtfully.

Next day I was honored with another visit. Somerville was elegantly arrayed, as if to go out.

"I've made up my mind, Schreiber," said he, pressing on his kids.

"Ah!"

"Yes; I've decided in favor of Miss Goldegg. I'm going up there now—this very afternoon. She loves me, you know, and that's a good deal, though I don't love her. Put her money in the balance and it's a settler. *Au revoir.*"

At an early hour on the following day Somerville sauntered into my room in his velvet dressing-gown, and with disheveled hair.

"I'm sorry I did it, after all, Schreiber."

"Then you proposed?"

"Yes; and, now that it's all over, I wish I had taken your advice. She wouldn't have me, Schreiber."

"You astonish me!" I cried, with gentle sarcasm.

"I feel as if I had wronged poor Ellen," he continued, dismally. "I never ought to have allowed myself to be untrue to her."

"She need never know it, Somerville. It's better as it is, old fellow! For your sake I'm sincerely glad of it. Now, be a man: marry the girl you really love, and be happy. I shall have hopes of you yet."

"I'll do it," said he; "I'll offer myself to-morrow. By George, I'll do it to-day! Good-by, Schreiber; I'm going to dress immediately."

He went out whistling.

Late in the afternoon my door slowly swung on its hinges, but no one entered. Looking sharply, I perceived a pair of eyes gazing through the crack at me.

"Is that you, Somerville?" said I.

"I am here, Lagardere!" he responded, in a theatrical tone.

"Come in," said I, "or shut the door."

The door was slowly closed; it opened again, and Somerville put his head in.

"*She* wouldn't have me either," said he.

I haven't seen the fellow since.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Looking down in the Mouth.

THE BACHELOR TO HIS BUTTONS.

Adieu! thou ill-starred race, adieu!
  Thy banishment I'll not bewail;
But trust I never more may view
  The broken rings which fret my nail.
How oft on wrist or collar band
  A disk delusive dangled, where
Urged by some mercenary hand
  The iron stern had entered there!

Oh, Woman, who did first invent
  That badge of our dependent state;
Hast thou not laughed at our lament,
  When buttonless we stamped irate?
Sweet nymphs have struck a tender chord,
  And smiling, whispered, half in dread:
"How helpless is a noble lord
  Whose happiness hangs by a thread!"

But, lo! a mighty thought is born,
  From Jove full-armed Minerva springs;
The hollow mould which roused our scorn
  Gives place to firm and brighter things.
Then idle girls, who watchful see
  Man's jocund freedom, softly say,
"Strong, Sir, as golden links may be
  Love's links are stronger far than they."

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper has gone eastward to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

A Tennessee editor complains that he has recently seen banks shaving their paper. We once saw a bank director actually shaving himself.

The Worst Tax.—*A-tax* of gout.

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing and is not yet full."

Mrs. Malaprop's Last.—Inviting her friends to partake of a Cold Relation.

Proverb by our Butcher.—You must take the Thin with the Thick.

Truths and toads lie at the bottom of the well. Leave 'em there.

What is the earliest mention of a banking transaction? When Pharaoh received a check (cheque) on the Bank of the Red Sea, which was crossed by Moses and Aaron.

Why is a money-loaner like a man rowing a boat? —Because he relies upon his *owers*.

No Body in This.—The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse.

The height of impudence—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

A VISITOR.

A stranger came
  Unto my door,
He asked my name,
  And nothing more.

'Twas nice for me,
  In that strange place,
So soon to see
  So kind a face.

My hopes fell flat;
  He said, "I axes,"
And touched his hat,
  "For unpaid taxes."

A young man from the city was seen in a village at evening looking about attentively in the gutter. "What are you looking for?" said the man whose shop was vis-a-vis. "Some pieces of gold." "Oh, I will assist you," and out he came with a lantern. The neighbors all came with lanterns, and were busily groping in the gutter at this news. After a time, during which the young man let them search by themselves, the first spokesman said, "Are you sure you lost the gold pieces here?" "I said nothing about losing any money; I only wanted to find some—that is the difference." He was careful to make himself scarce after this practical joke.

Scene.—*Clergyman's study. A countryman standing before the Clergyman, with a face full of solemn purpose.*

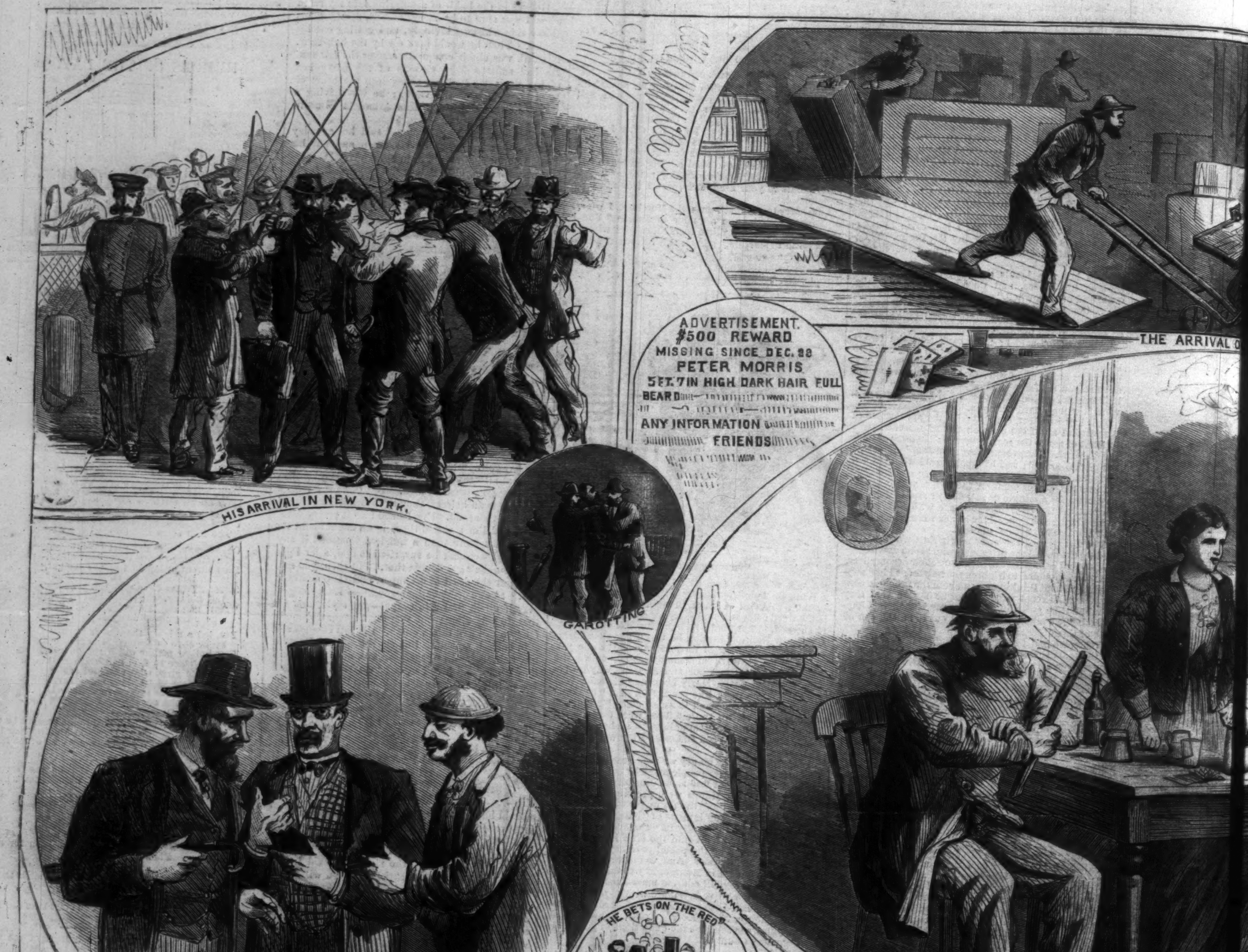
Reverend Gent.—"But you really can have no serious reason to wish to be parted from your wife."

Rustic.—"Well, no, Sir! *I* likes my wife well enough, but, you see, she don't please mother!"

A married wretch says the greatest gift vouchsafed to any living man was that granted to Adam, as he was blessed with a wife without ever having a mother-in-law.

"Paddy, where's the whisky I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Och, master, I just drank it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same."

A codfish breakfast and an India-rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.



THE ADVENTURES OF A MISSING MAN; OR, TWENTY-FOUR HOU

S IN THE METROPOLIS.—Sketched by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 51.]

THE COQUETTE OF ARLON.

In times long back, the inhabitants of Arlon worshiped the moon, and learned men say that the name of the place (Arx lunæ) sprang from that circumstance. It is from the same circumstance, it is added, that the young ladies of this ancient town have sometimes a way of their own.

About a hundred years ago, no one was so much talked about by the Arlonnais as a young girl who was in possession of eighteen years, good, lively, frank, always smiling, always happy, but whose affections no one could monopolize, she was so volatile and independent. Her name was Gertrude, and she was the only daughter of Charles Stock, a well-to-do inhabitant of Arlon, and who was generally known as Stock fils, to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, who were both alive. "On durait vieux"—they lived to a good old age, in that family, according to a local expression. Arlon had not at that time suffered from the terrible fire which ravaged the little town in 1785.

All the young men of the town, we have said, sought to win the affections of the beauty of the place, but no one seemed to meet with success. It was for this reason, and on account of her apparently flighty manners, that she was called the "coquette d'Arlon." The epithet must not be taken, however, in a reproachful sense, for her father and mother had perfect confidence in her, and let her laugh and do just as she pleased.

Four young gentlemen of the town were particularly distinguished by the assiduity with which they plied their suit to the coquette. They were known as Sigismond de Vletter, Gilles Colin, Wenceslas Stroobant, and Lambert van Moll. The first was so quiet that he inspired no apprehensions to the three others; and the three others were so ardent that each only awaited his selection by the maiden. As they became urgent in insisting that she should make a choice the sprightly damsel in question resolved at last upon a stratagem by which she should put each to the proof. This was in the month of September in the year 1743.

Gertrude was aware of the existence in a field belonging to her father, not far from Arlon, of an old Roman tomb, which was looked upon with awe on account of many superstitious stories connected with it. She made this the centre of her batteries.

Gilles Colin came first, according to his daily custom, protesting that he would walk on burning coals to please her.

"I am not so exacting," she replied. "I do not even say that I will not take you for my husband; but I must have a mark of devotion and courage on your part."

"Now you speak to the point!" said Gilles. "I will give you plenty of marks, only say what you wish."

"You know," she replied, "the old tomb that lies there, on a mound about a quarter of a league from the town?"

"I know it," said the Arlonnais—"I know it from afar. I never cared to go near it. There are strange tales current about the nasty place."

"Well, it is my wish that, without telling any one of the understanding between us, you should go to-night at nine o'clock, and that you should lie in that sepulchre."

"What, in that den of witchcraft? What a fancy!"

"And that you should remain there motionless until midnight."

"But, Gertrude, what are you thinking of? For what object?"

"Why, you show the white feather already. You may say it is a whim, a fancy; well, let it be so. I have my ideas, and I wish to prove you. If you do as I bid you, I shall be satisfied; and if you remain from nine till twelve, my heart is yours. Refuse, and I wed another."

Gilles, taken aback by the decided tone of the young girl, had no alternative but to submit. It was in vain that he passed over in his mind the ghosts that had been seen in the neighborhood of the sepulchre, the witches who had been watched manufacturing their unguents and charms at the very spot, and the sabbaths that were occasionally held there. Although Gilles was any thing but courageous, still he was so much in love that he accepted the terms, and promised to fulfill them without saying any thing about them to any one. Perhaps he comforted himself by thinking that, if groups of sinister-looking and grotesquely-dressed personages had been seen there, it might after all have been gipsies, with whom at that epoch the forests of Luxemburg and Limburg were infested.

About a quarter of an hour afterward Wenceslas Stroobant came in his turn. Gertrude received him very graciously. He was handsome, and he was rich; and, vain of these two advantages, he was not wanting in self-sufficiency.

"It is not your fortune that tempts me," said Gertrude.

Wenceslas made a bow, and then puffed himself up, in the attitude of a man who says to himself, "I understand; we have other attractions."

"My heart is totally disinterested," continued Gertrude, "and I will willingly give you my hand if you will render me a service which shall prove to me your worth."

"Speak," said the handsome young man; "I am at your orders in all matters."

"In that case, it is my duty to inform you that one of our relatives has been killed in a duel. Active steps are being taken to secure him a respectable interment. In the mean time his body lies near where he was slain, in the old Roman tomb. As this sepulchre is much exposed, I would ask you to go there at half past nine this evening."

"What! to the tomb where the witches hold their sabbath? What a fancy!"

"What! are you afraid?"

"I am not afraid. But what a strange commission you give me!"

"A fancy, perhaps, as you say. Yet I can not intrust the execution of it to any one who is not devoted to me. No one must know this mystery. Go there, then, at half past nine, disguised like an angel of light, with a torch in your hand. The tales which are connected with the tomb will serve your purpose. Seeing you seated at the foot of the sepulchre those who might have entertained the project of robbing the dead will be terrified, and no one will come near. Do you agree?"

"I agree," said Wenceslas, terrified at the idea of the commission, but still more terrified at the idea of losing his mistress.

"You can come back at midnight. But not a word of what has been said: that is the price of my hand."

Wenceslas, stifling his nocturnal apprehensions, swore that he would be discreet, that he would be at his post at half past nine, and that he would keep such good watch over the dead that not even the bats should come near.

A very brief time had elapsed before Lambert van Moll made his appearance also, to pay his homage. He was a young barrister, of whose future the whole town predicted the greatest things.

"If it is true that you love me," said the coquette, "I wish to have a proof of it. Neighbors whom you know, and who are our enemies, wish to annoy us. To do this they have put a dead body into the Roman tomb which belongs to the family. I wish the body to be removed, a thing that you can easily do."

"I!" exclaimed Lambert, taken aback.

"Yes, you. I know that you are courageous."

"That is true; but you give me so ridiculous a commission."

"There will, in all probability, be nothing but children there to watch the corpse to-night. To drive them away blacken your face, make yourself as ugly as you are handsome; in fact, disguise yourself as a demon. It is a ridiculous commission, if you like; but go to the tomb at ten o'clock, carry away the corpse, bring it here, and expect every thing from my gratitude."

Lambert van Moll felt, after all, that it was not too much to do to win so fair a person as Gertrude, so, like the other two, he promised punctuality and discretion.

Sigismond de Vletter came in his turn to pay his respects to Gertrude. But when, doing as she had done with the others, she proposed to him to play his part in the projected comedy, he replied that he was at her orders in all serious matters but not for absurdities; childish acts, he said, should be left for children to do. The coquette, finding him so little amenable, dropped the subject.

In the mean time, at nine o'clock precisely, Gilles Colin arrived at the Roman sepulchre. He had taken a little lantern with him, and it shook in his hand, partly because the night was very cold, partly from other causes. After looking cautiously around, in the tomb and in every bush, he stretched himself out full length in the tomb, drew a sheet over him from feet to head, fastened it with napkins round his neck and waist, and then blowing out the light, delivered himself up to his reflections, which were any thing but of an agreeable character.

Half an hour had barely elapsed before he became sensible of the sound of footsteps coming in his direction. He raised his head and saw a mysterious phantom, clothed in a long silver-white robe, with a blue band, the head covered with golden stars, and the shoulders loaded with two pieces of muslin, which floated like wings. The apparition held a lighted torch in its hand. Poor Gilles, who had not anticipated such a vision, sunk down to the bottom of the sarcophagus, and covered his head with the sheet.

"Is it an angel?" he said to himself. But the angel coughed. "It is not an inhabitant of heaven," he added. "If it is one of the people who hold sabbath here, I shall come off badly."

The angel, on its side, did not appear to be quite at his ease. He cast a side glance at the sheet that covered the body, but did not seem at all inclined to examine it more closely. With his torch in his hand, he at length seated himself at the foot of the sarcophagus; and it was lucky that it was of solid stone, or each party would have been aware that the other was shaking violently. The cold that had at first manifested itself by a slight cough now got up to Wenceslas's head, and he sneezed twice. Not being able to get at his 'kerchief he wiped his nose with one of his wings.

"Decidedly," thought the dead one, "he is not an angel, but a witch. Perhaps he is master of ceremonies? He is there with his torch to summon the others. I shall soon be in the very midst of a sabbath, and if the devil presides what will become of me?"

As he was making these reflections, of a nature so little calculated to reassure him, he was struck by a sudden movement on the part of the angel with the torch. He seemed to be alarmed at the appearance of some frightful spectacle. It was the third personage who had arrived.

Lambert van Moll came to the place of appointment disguised as a demon. He was clothed in the skin of an ox, with its large horns on, and hanging ears. His face was blackened, and to render himself still less recognizable he wore a great beard of red shavings. In his hand he carried a pitchfork. As he approached his movements assumed an uncertain and zigzag character. It was quite evident that he could not make out what the white figure was with a torch in its hand, and that he had not at all calculated upon its presence. At last he decided upon turning the position, and he arrived at the tomb by the other extremity.

Wenceslas distinguished himself under these trying circumstances by the greatest act of courage that he had ever committed. He rose up and advanced toward the spectre, holding out his torch at him. Unfortunately this hasty proceeding set fire to Lambert's beard, and he, tearing it off as quickly as he could, threw it at the torch and put it out. The two spectres then seized one another by the hair, each astonished at finding the other so palpable.

In the mean time the dead one was seized with the apprehension that they were good and bad angels disputing the possession of his body; and the idea so filled him with terror that he jumped out of the sarcophagus, winding-sheet and all, and took to his heels. The two champions, seeing the corpse take flight thus unceremoniously, were seized with a similar panic, and hurried away across the field as fast as their legs could carry them. Next day the three lovers were confined to their beds by bad colds, and Gertrude, sending them word that they must hold her in very slight esteem to seek her hand by such extravagances, selected Sigismond for her husband.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is a manifest want of neat, well-ordered restaurants in certain business sections of our city. An enterprising individual would soon make his fortune if he would put in operation half a dozen properly-arranged establishments—say between Eighth Street and the City Hall, on Broadway—where gentlemen with ladies, or ladies without escorts, might obtain a neatly-served lunch at a moderate price. Doubtless there are plenty of restaurants, such as they are. But every sunshiny day a whole swarm of ladies come out, like bees from the hive, to "*shop*." Now shopping is not a matter to be hurried, as every lady realizes, and as every clerk knows, by fatiguing experiences. And about mid-day the lady—who has been wavering between "Moonlight on the Lake" and "Ashes of Roses" as the shade for her new silk, or who has been hopelessly puzzled in selecting from innumerable styles collars, neck-ties, and dressing-gowns for her husband—is convinced she could "finish up" her shopping better after a comfortable lunch. It is, however, no easy matter to find a pleasant place where she can lunch in the vicinity of Canal Street. The one or two places into which she ventures are uncomfortably crowded, and she retreats with a decided feeling of repugnance at the prospect of eating in such close proximity to strangers. She wants to rest quite as much as to eat. But the result usually is, that she goes without lunch, and comes home feeling faint, tired, sick, cross, and unsettled generally—not alarmingly so, to be sure, but just enough to disturb her usual equanimity, and to make her resolve that, next time, she will shop "up town," or else not go out till after lunch.

A new era has dawned for babies. It has long been the fashion for proud mammas to exhibit the plump necks and chubby arms of their darlings without the shadow of a covering even in the coldest weather. American winters have not changed, so far as we know, but fashion has; and let those who happen to be babies just now rejoice. High necks and long sleeves is the prevailing style for infants' frocks; and very pretty and stylish they are, as well as sensible. We trust that for once every mother will follow the *height* and *length* of the fashion.

Horses, as well as babies, have reason to rejoice and be glad; that is, those of them who are likely to endure a couple years more of travel over the slippery Broadway pavement. But Broadway is really to be repaved. The contract is made, and the work to be completed within eighteen months from the first day of April next, and the entire expense it is estimated will be about $372,000. Granite has been selected as the best material, and the arrangement decided upon is that which is supposed to afford the firmest footing to horses.

The New York Evening High School has proved great success. The average attendance during the first quarter was about six hundred and seventy-five. And the only limit to the number was the want of sufficient accommodation. The average age of the students is twenty-three, and their progress has been astonishing. They are earnest young men who hunger for knowledge, and they take hold of their studies with a vigorous will.

We see faint glimmerings which foretell the dawn of brighter days. A bill has been proposed in the New York Legislature to prevent the overcrowding of omnibuses, stages, or horse-cars. This bill provides that no omnibus or stage drawn by two horses shall carry more than twelve passengers; that no car drawn by two horses shall carry more than twenty-four passengers, and where there is an elevation of more than one foot to fifteen on any road an additional horse shall be attached to the car. If such an Act is carried it will be exceedingly gratifying to, and comfortable for, both passengers and horses.

Skates have had quite a *run* thus far this winter; though we fancy the amusement of skating has not created so much "*furor*" this season as in some previous ones. Yet a cold snap always brings out a thick eruption of steel runners. The recent opening of the Skating Lake at Jerome Park has been a matter of extraordinary interest to the members of the American Jockey Club and their friends

Influenzas are sufficiently prevalent to authorize an exchange in giving the following list of fashionable winter sports: "Sleighing, coughing, sneezing, blowing your nose, flourishing your handkerchiefs, buying lozenges, overshoes, and swallowing 'cough candy, not to speak of cayenne pepper tea, hot whisky punches, horse-blankets in daytime, and old stockings around your throat at night."

Ladies will be delighted to learn that a new style of bonnet has made its appearance in Paris. It is very simple, consisting merely of a twine string with a diamond set in the top.

A crinoline manufacturer in Saxony has made, during the last ten years, no less than 963,784,000 hoop-skirt springs, or enough to go around the world thirteen times and a half. His business will probably slack off a trifle during the coming year.

Those who sell rags and old paper to dealers had better understand what they are doing. A short time ago a careless lady sold her rag bag—or the contents of it—to a peddler, and the next day discovered that she had disposed of a small fortune in greenbacks at the rate of three cents a pound. She never heard any thing of the fortunate purchaser. A Boston lady, however, met with better luck. A few days since she sold a quantity of old paper, and shortly after she ascertained that among the old papers was a parcel containing United States bonds to the amount of $1900, good promissory-notes for $450, a note of hand for $75, and a $10 greenback, the whole valued at $2425. But honesty certainly exists to a remarkable degree in Boston, for the next day the lady received a call from the dealer, who had found the valuable parcel in sorting, and returned it entire.

Not long since a Woman's Rights Convention was in session in a certain city not a thousand miles from here. The horse cars were, of course, unusually crowded. One afternoon a severe looking female entered a car, and an old gentleman rose to give her a seat. "Be you one of these women-righters?" he asked. "I be," replied the ancient. "You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man, do you?" he inquired. "Yes, I do," was the emphatic answer. "Then," said the man, "stand up, and enjoy them like a man." And she had to stand up.

"Love," says an unknown writer, "is like music. Some instruments can go up two octaves, some four, and some all the way from black thunder to sharp lightning. As some of them are susceptible only of melody, so some hearts can sing but one song of love, while others will run in a full choral harmony."

It is stated that there are in the human voice about nine perfect tones but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Surely it is no wonder that there is a little discord in the world!

Elderly ladies and gentlemen who find immense comfort in a cup of tea need not be alarmed; but the fact is, that, according to chemical analysis, that identical cup of tea contains twenty different articles, namely: volatile oil, chlorophyl, wax, rosin, gum, tannin, theine, extractine, apotheme, albumen, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorid of potassium, oxyd of iron, carbonate, sulphate, and phosphate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, manganese, and silica.

A new invention is announced from "Out West"—Illinois, we believe. It is a patent clothes-washer in the shape of a wheel-barrow. The revolutions of the wheel put in motion a crank that moves a plunger that pounds the clothes. The body of the box is mounted where the load is in a wheel-barrow. On the top of the box is a wringer. A lady can put her clothes into her machine, pick it up, and go out calling; the longer her list of friends the further she will have to wheel her burden and the better her clothes will be washed.

From a London journal we learn that the price of paper in England has begun to fall; the first decline being one cent per pound. It is an interesting fact concerning paper, that the surgeons of Vienna have lately used with great success a peculiar kind of unsized paper as a substitute for lint in dressing wounds. It is said to be in every respect suitable for the purpose.

A writer from Paris says that "all kinds of manual labor, such as moving, putting up furniture, mending articles, carpenters', tinners', or ironmongers' work are very cheap—say $1 a day. Hack-riding is 40 cents an hour, or less for a whole day; and for this you may have a handsome carriage, quite fit to appear with credit in the grand drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and meet your friends with upright heads." New York prices form quite a contrast.

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book III.—Heaping up Riches.

CHAPTER II.

CHARLOTTE.

The little villa at Bayswater was looking its brightest on a resplendent midsummer afternoon, one year after Diana Paget's hurried hegira from Forêtdechêne. If the poor dentist's house in dingy Bloomsbury had been fresh and brilliant aspect, how much more brilliant was the western home of the rich stock-broker, whose gate was within five minutes' walk of that aristocratic Eden, Kensington Gardens. Mr. Sheldon's small domain was called The Lawn, and consisted of something over half an acre of flower-garden and shrubbery, a two-stall stable and coach-house, a conservatory and fernery, and a moderate-sized house in the Gothic or medieval style, with mullioned windows in the dining-room and oriels in the best bedroom, and with a great deal of unnecessary stone-work and wooden excrescence in every direction.

The interior of Mr. Sheldon's dwelling bore no trace of that solid old-fashioned clumsiness which had distinguished his house in Fitzgeorge Street. Having surrendered his ancestral chairs and tables in liquidation of his liabilities, Philip Sheldon was free to go with the times, and had furnished his Gothic villa in the most approved modern style, but without any attempt at artistic grace or adornment. All was bright and handsome and neat and trim; but the brightness and the neatness savored just a little of furnished apartments at the sea-side, and the eye sought in vain for the graceful disorder of an elegant home. The dining-room was gorgeous with all the splendor of new mahogany and crimson morocco; the drawing-room was glorified by big looking-glasses, and the virtual freshness of gilt frames on which the feet of agile house-fly or clumsy blue-bottle had never rested. The crimson and blues and greens and drabs of the Brussels carpets retained the vivid brightness of the loom. The drops of the chandeliers twinkled like little stars in the sunshine; the brass bird-cages were undimmed by the shadow of dullness. To Georgy's mind the Gothic villa was the very perfection of a dwelling-place. The Barlingford housekeepers were wont to render their homes intolerable by extreme neatness. Georgy still believed in the infallibility of her native town, and the primness of Barlingford reigned supreme in the Gothic villa. There were no books scattered on the polished walnut-wood tables in the drawing-room, no cabinets crammed with scraps of old china, no pictures, no queer old Indian feather-screens, no marvels of Chinese carving in discolored ivory; none of these traces which the footsteps of the "collector" always leave behind him. Mr. Sheldon had no leisure for collecting; and Georgy preferred the gaudy pink-and-blue vases of a Regent Street china-shop to all the dingy *chefs-d'œuvre* of a Wedgewood, or the quaint shepherds and shepherdesses of Chelsea. As for books, were there not four or five resplendent volumes primly disposed on one of the tables; an illustrated edition of Cowper's lively and thrilling poems; a volume of Rambles in Scotland, with copper-plate engravings of "Melrose by night," and Glasgow Cathedral, and Ben Nevis, and other scenic and architectural glories of North Britain; a couple of volumes of *Punch*, and an illustrated *Vicar of Wakefield;* and what more could elevated taste demand in the way of literature? Nobody ever read the books; but Mrs. Sheldon's visitors were sometimes glad to take refuge in the Scottish scenery and the pictorial Vicar, during that interval of dullness and indigestion which succeeds a middle-class dinner. Georgy read a great many books; but they were all novels, procured from the Bayswater branch of a fashionable circulating library, and were condemned unread by Mr. Sheldon, who considered all works a fiction perfectly equal in demerit, and stigmatized them, in a general way, as "senseless trash." He had tried to read novels in the dreary days of his Bloomsbury probation; but he had found that the heroes of them were impracticable beings, who were always talking of honor and chivalry, and always sacrificing their own interests in an utterly preposterous manner; and he had thrown aside story after story in disgust.

"Give me a book that is something like life, and I'll read it!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "but I can't swallow the high-flown prosings of impossibly virtuous inanities."

One day, indeed, he had been struck by the power of a book, a book written by a certain Frenchman called Balzac. He had been riveted by the hideous cynicism, the supreme power of penetration into the vilest corners of wicked hearts; and he had flung the book from him at last with an expression of unmitigated admiration.

"That man knows his fellows," he cried, "and is not hypocrite enough to conceal his knowledge or to trick out his puppets in the tinsel and rags of false sentiment in order that critics and public may cry, 'See, what noble instincts, what generous impulses, what unbounded sympathy for his fellow-creatures this man has!' This Frenchman is an artist, and is not afraid to face the difficulties of his art. What a scoundrel this Philippe Bridau is! And after wallowing in the gutter, he lives to bespatter his virtuous brother with the mire from his carriage-wheels.

That is *real* life. Your English novelist would have made his villain hang himself with the string of his waistcoat in a condemned cell, while his amiable hero was declared heir to a dukedom and forty thousand a year. But this fellow Balzac knows better than that."

The days had passed when Mr. Sheldon had leisure to read Balzac. He read nothing but the newspapers now, and in the newspapers he read very little more than the money articles, and such political news as seemed likely to affect the money-market. There is no such sole absorbing pursuit as the race which men run whose goal is the glittering temple of Plutus. The golden apples which tempted Atalanta to slacken her pace are always rolling *before* the modern runner, and the greed of gain lends the wings of Hermes to his feet. Mr. Sheldon had sighed for pleasures sometimes in the days of his Bloomsbury martyrdom. He had sat by his open window on sultry summer evenings, smoking his solitary cigar, and thinking moodily of all the pleasant resting-places from which other men were looking out at that golden western sky, deepening into crimson and melting into purples which even the London smoke could not obscure. He had sat alone, thinking of jovial parties lounging in the bow-windows of Greenwich taverns, with cool, green hock-glasses and pale amber wine, and a litter of fruit and flowers on the table before them, while the broad river flowed past them with all the glory of the sunset on the rippling water, and one black brig standing sharply out against the yellow sky. He had thought of Richmond, and the dashing young men who drove there every summer in drags; of Epsom and the great Derby mob; and of all those golden goblets of pleasure which prosperous manhood drains to the very dregs. He had fancied the enjoyments which would be his if ever he were rich enough to pay for them. And now he was able to afford all such pleasures he cared nothing for them; for the ecstasy of making money seemed better than any masculine dissipation or delight. He did sometimes dine at Greenwich. He knew the *menus* of the different taverns by heart, and had discovered that they were all alike vanity and indigestion; but he never seated himself at one of those glistening little tables, or deliberated with an obsequious waiter over the mysteries of the wine *carte*, without a settled purpose to be served by the eating of the dinner and a definite good to be achieved by the wine he ordered. He gave many such entertainments at home and abroad; but they were all given to men who were likely to be useful to him—to rich men, or the toadies and hangers-on of rich men, the grand viziers of the sultans of the money-market. Such a thing as pleasure or hospitality pure and simple had no place in the plan of Mr. Sheldon's life. The race in which he was running was not to be won by a loiterer. The golden apples were always rolling on before the runner; and woe be to him who turned away from the course to dally with the flowers or loiter by the cool streams that beautified the way-side!

Thus it was that Mr. Sheldon's existence grew day by day more completely absorbed by business pursuits and business interests. Poor Georgy complained peevishly of her husband's neglect; but she did not dare to pour her lamentations into the ear of the offender. It was a kind of relief to grumble about his busy life to servants and humble female friends and confidantes; but what could she say to Philip Sheldon himself? What ground had she for complaint? He very seldom staid out late; he never came home tipsy. He was quite as cool and clear-headed and business-like, and as well able to "tot up" any given figures upon the back of an envelope after one of those diplomatic little Greenwich dinners as he was the first thing after breakfast. It had been an easy thing to tyrannize over poor Tom Halliday; but this man was a grave, inscrutable creature, a domestic enigma which Georgy was always giving up in despair.

But so completely did Mr. Sheldon rule his wife that when he informed her inferentially that she was a very happy woman, she accepted his view of the subject, and was content to believe herself blessed.

In spite of those occasional grumblings to servants and female friends Mrs. Sheldon did think herself happy. Those occasional complaints were the minor notes in the harmony of her life, and only served to make the harmony complete. She read her novels, and fed a colony of little feeble twittering birds that occupied a big wire cage in the breakfast-parlor. She executed a good deal of fancy-work with beads and Berlin wool; she dusted and arranged the splendors of the drawing-room with her own hands; and she took occasional walks in Kensington Gardens.

This was the ordinary course of her existence, now and then interrupted by such thrilling events as a dinner given to some important acquaintance of Mr. Sheldon's, or a visit to the school at which Charlotte Halliday was completing her education.

That young lady had been removed from the Scarborough boarding-school to a highly respectable establishment at Brompton, within a few months of her mother's marriage with Mr. Sheldon. She had been a rosy-cheeked young damsel in pinafores at the time of that event, too young to express any strong feelings upon the subject of her mother's second choice; but not too young to feel the loss of her father very deeply. Tom Halliday had been fondly attached to that bright-eyed rosy-checked damsel of seven, and the girl had fully reciprocated his affection. How often they had talked together of the future, which was to be so delightful for them both; the new farm, which was to be such a paradise in comparison to Hyley; the pony that Charlotte was to ride when she should be old enough to wear a habit like a lady, and to go about with her father to market-towns and corn-exchanges. The little girl had remembered all this, and had most bitterly lamented the loss of that dear and loving father.

She remembered it all to this day; she regretted her loss to this day, though she was nineteen years of age, and on the point of leaving school forever. To say that she disliked Mr. Sheldon is only to admit that she was subject to the natural prejudices of humanity. He had usurped the place of a beloved father, and he was in every way the opposite of that father. He had come between Charlotte Halliday and her mother, and had so absorbed the weak little woman into himself as to leave Charlotte quite alone in the world. And yet he did his duty as few step-fathers do it. Charlotte admitted that he was very kind to her, that he was an excellent husband, and altogether the most conscientious and respectable of mankind; but she admitted with equal candor that she had never been able to like him. "I dare say it is very wicked of me not to be fond of him, when he is so good and generous to me," she said to her chosen friend and companion; "but I never can feel quite at home with him. I try to think of him as a father sometimes, but I never can get over the 'step.' Do you know I have dreamed of him sometimes; and though he is so kind to me in reality, I always fancy him cruel to me in my dreams. I suppose it is on account of his black eyes and black whiskers," added Miss Halliday, in a meditative tone. "It is certainly a misfortune for a person to have blacker eyes and whiskers than the rest of the world; for there seems something stern and hard, and almost murderous, in such excessive blackness."

Charlotte Halliday was a very different creature from the mother whom Mr. Sheldon had absorbed into himself. Georgy was one of the women who have no "characters at all," but Georgy's daughter was open to the charge of eccentricity rather than of inanity. She was a creature of fancies and impulses. She had written wild verses in the secrecy of her own chamber at midnight, and had torn her poetic effusions into a thousand fragments the morning after their composition. She played and sang and drew and danced admirably, and did every thing in a wild way of her own, which was infinitely more charming than the commonplace perfection of other women. She was not a beauty according to those established rules which every body believes in until they meet a woman who defies them all and yet is beautiful. Miss Halliday had thick black eyebrows, and large gray eyes which people were apt to mistake for black. She had a composite nose, and one of the sweetest mouths that ever smiled upon enraptured mankind. Nature had given her just a little more chin than a Greek sculptor would have allowed her; but, by way of make-weight, the same careless Nature had bestowed upon her a throat which Phidias himself might have sought in vain to improve upon. And Nature had planted this young lady's head upon her shoulders with a grace so rare that it must needs be a happy accident in the workmanship of that immortal artist. Indeed it seemed as if Charlotte Halliday owed her charms to a series of happy accidents. The black eyebrows which made her face so piquant might have been destruction to another woman. The round, column-like throat needed a fine frank face to surmount it, and the fine frank face was rendered gracious and womanly by the wealth of waving dark hair which framed it. The girl was one of those bright happy creatures whom men worship and women love, and whom envy can scarcely dislike. She was so infinitely superior to both father and mother that a believer in hereditary attributes was fain to invent some mythical great-grandmother from whom the girl's graces might have been derived. But she had something of her father's easy good-nature and imprudent generosity; and was altogether one of those impulsive creatures whose lives are perpetual difficulties and dilemmas. More lectures had been delivered for her edification than for any other young lady in the Brompton boarding-school, and yet she had been the favorite and delight of every body in the establishment, from the mistress of the mansion down to the iniquitous boy who cleaned the boots, and who was hounded and hunted, and abused and execrated, from dewy morn to dusky eve.

"I allus puts plenty of elbow-grease on *your* boots, Miss 'Allundale, though cook does heave saucepan-lids at my 'ed and call me a lazy wiper," this incorrigible imp protested to Charlotte one morning when she had surprised him in tears and had consoled his woes by a donation of pence.

"All things love thee, so do I," says the lover to his mistress; and it is almost impossible not to adore a young lady who is universally beloved, for the simple reason that this general affection is very rarely accorded to any but a loving nature. There is an instinct in these things. From all the ruck of Cheapside a vagrant dog will select the man who has most toleration for the canine species, and is most likely to give him shelter. A little child coming suddenly into a circle of strangers knows in which lap it may find a haven, on which bosom it may discover safety and comfort. If mistress and school-fellows, servants and shoe-black, dogs and cats, were fond of Charlotte Halliday, their affection had been engendered by her own sweet smiles and loving words, and helping hands always ready to give substantial succor or to aid by active service.

She had been at the Brompton gynæceum nearly nine years—only leaving it for her holidays—and now her education was declared to be finished, and in less than a week she was to leave school forever.

To most damsels of nineteen this would have been a subject for rejoicing; but it was not so with Charlotte. She did not like her step-father; and her mother, though very affectionate and gentle, was a person whose society was apt to become wearisome any time after the first half-hour of social intercourse. At Hyde Lodge Charlotte had a great deal more of Lingard and condensed and expurgated Gibbon than was quite agreeable; she had to get up at a preternatural hour in the morning and to devote herself to "studies of velocity," whose monotony became wearing as the drip, drip, drip of water on the skull of the tortured criminal. She was very tired of all the Hyde-Lodge lessons and accomplishments, the irregular French verbs—the "braires" and "traires" which were so difficult to remember, and which nobody ever could want to use in polite conversation—the ruined castles and dilapidated wind-mills, the perpetual stumpy pieces of fallen timber and jagged posts executed with a BBB pencil, the chalky expanse of sky with that inevitable flight of crows scudding across it: why must there be always crows scudding across a drawing-master's sky, and why so many jagged posts in a drawing-master's ideal of rural beauty? Charlotte was inexpressibly weary of all the stereotyped studies; but she liked Hyde Lodge better than the Gothic villa. She liked the friendly school-fellows with their loud talk and boisterous manners, the girls who called her "Halliday" who were always borrowing her reels of crochet-cotton and her pencils, her collars and pocket-handkerchiefs. She liked the free-and-easy school-girl talk better than her mother's tame discourse; she preferred the homely litter of the spacious school-room to the prim splendors of Georgy's state chambers; and the cool lawn and shrubberies of Hyde Lodge were a hundredfold more pleasant to her than the stiff little parterre at Bayswater, wherein scarlet geraniums and calceolarias flourished with an excruciating luxuriance of growth and an aggravating brilliancy of color. She liked any place better than the hearth by which Philip Sheldon brooded with a dark, thoughtful face, and a mind absorbed by the mysteries and complications of the Stock Exchange.

On this bright June afternoon other girls were chattering gayly about the fun of the breaking-up ball and the coming delights of the holidays, but Charlotte sighed when they reminded her that the end of her last half was close at hand.

She sat under a group of trees on the lawn, with a crochet antimacassar lying in her lap, and with her friend and favorite, Diana Paget, sitting by her side.

Hyde Lodge was that very establishment over which Priscilla Paget had reigned supreme for the last fifteen years of her life, and among all the pupils in a school of some forty or fifty girls Diana was the one whom Charlotte Halliday had chosen for her dearest companion and confidante, clinging to her with a constancy not to be shaken by ill-fortune or absence. The girl knew very well that Diana Paget was a poor relation and dependent; that her bills had never been paid; that all those incalculable and mysterious "extras" which are the martyrdom of parents and the delight of schoolmistresses were a dead letter so far as Diana was concerned. She knew that "poor Di" had been taken home suddenly one day, not in compliance with any behest of her father's, but for the simple reason that her kinswoman's patience had been worn out by the Captain's dishonesty. It is doubtful whether Priscilla Paget had ever communicated these facts in any set phrase, but in a boarding-school such things make themselves known, and the girls had discussed the delinquencies of that dreadful creature, Captain Paget, very freely in the security of their dormitories.

Charlotte knew that her dearest friend was not a person whom it was advantageous to know. She had seen Diana depart ignominiously, and return mysteriously after an absence of some years, very shabby, very poor, very sombre and melancholy, and with no inclination to talk of those years of absence. Miss Halliday had known all this, and had asked no questions. She took the returned wanderer to her heart, and cherished her with an affection which was far beyond the average measure of sisterly love.

"I thought I should never see you again, dear," she cried, when she and Diana had retired to a corner of the school-room to talk confidentially on the morning of Miss Paget's return; "and I missed you so cruelly. Other girls are very nice and very kind to me. There is a new girl, Miss Spencer—that girl with flaxen hair standing by the big Canterbury—whom I get on with delightfully; but there is no one in the world like you, Di. And where have you been all this time? With your papa, I suppose."

"Yes," answered Miss Paget, gloomily; "I have been with my father. Don't ask me any thing about the last three years, Lotta. I have been utterly wretched and miserable, and I can't bear to talk about my misery."

"And you sha'n't talk of it, darling!" cried Charlotte, pursing up her mouth for a kiss in a manner which might have been distraction to a masculine mind of average susceptibility. "You sha'n't talk of any thing or think of any thing the least, least, least bit unpleasant; and you shall have my gold pencil-case," added Miss Halliday, wrenching that trinket suddenly from the ribbon by which it hung at her side. Perhaps there was just the least touch of Georgy's childishness in this impulsive habit of giving away all her small possessions, for which Lotta was distinguished. "Yes, you must, dear," she went on. "Mamma gave it me last half; but I don't want it; I don't like it; in point of fact, I have had it so long that I positively loathe it. And I know it's a poor trumpery thing, though mamma gave two guineas for it; but you know she is always imposed upon in shops. Do, do, do take it, darling, just to oblige me. And now, tell me, dear, you're going to stop here for ever and ever now you've come back?" asked Charlotte, after having thrust the gold pencil-case into Diana's unwilling hand.

"I don't know about for ever and ever, dear," Miss Paget replied presently; "but I dare say I shall stay here till I'm tired of the place and every body about it. You won't be here very long, you know, Lotta; for you'll be eighteen next birthday, and I suppose you'll be leaving school before you're nineteen. Most of the girls do; and you've been here so long, and are so much further advanced than others are. I am not going to be a pupil again—that's out of the question; for I'm just twenty, as you know. But Priscilla has been good enough to let me stay as a kind of second teacher for the little ones. It will be dull work going through the stupid abridgments of history and geography, and the scrappy bits of botany and conchology, with those incorrigible little ones; but of course I am very grateful to my cousin for giving me a home under any conditions, after papa's dishonorable conduct. If it were not for her, Lotta, I should have *no* home. What a happy girl you are, to have a respectable man for your father!"

Charlotte's brow darkened a little as her friend said this.

"He is not my own father, you know," she said, gravely; "and I should be a great deal happier if mamma and I were alone in the world. We could live in some dear little cottage on wide open downs near the sea, and I could have a linsey habit, a horse, and ride about all day, and read and play to mamma at night. Of course Mr. Sheldon is very respectable, and I dare say it's very wicked of me; but O, Diana! I think I should like him better if he were not *quite* so respectable. I saw your papa once when he came to call, and I thought him nicer than my step-father. But then I'm such a frivolous creature, Di, and am always thinking what I ought not to think."

Nearly a year had passed since Diana's return, and the girl's life had been very monotonous during that time. She had stuck bravely to the abridgments and the juvenile scraps of -ologies, and had been altogether a model of propriety, sewing on such a number of strings and buttons during the period as can only be compassed by the maternal mind. Her existence had been by no means as joyless or desolate as such an existence is generally represented by the writer of fiction. There was plenty of life and bustle in the big prosperous boarding-school, if there was not much variety. There were small scandals and small intrigues, departures and arrivals, wonderful hampers of cake and wine to be divided among the elect of a fashionable dormitory; for there is as wide a difference between the tone and status of the bedrooms in a ladies'-school as between the squares of Berkeley and Bedford. There were breaking-up parties, and the free-and-easy idleness of the holidays, when a few dark-complexioned girls from the colonies, a yellow-haired damsel from the remote north of Scotland, and Miss Diana Paget, were wont to cluster round the fire in the smaller of the school-rooms to tell ghost-stories or talk scandal in the gloaming.

It was a life which, taken with all its small hardships and petty annoyances, should have been as the life of Paradise compared to that which Diana had led with her father and Valentine Hawkehurst. Whether the girl fully appreciated the change from the Bohemianism of her late existence to the respectability of Hyde Lodge was a question which no one had asked of her. She had fits of despondency now and then, even in the midst of her duties, and was apt to fall into a sombre reverie over one of the abridgments, whereby she was neglectful of her pupils' aspirates, and allowed Henry the Second to be made the poorer by the loss of an H, or Heliogabalus to be described by a name which that individual himself would have failed to recognize.

There were times when in the midst of that shrill Babel, the school-room, Diana Paget heard the summer winds sighing in the pine-woods above Forêtdechêne, and fancied herself standing once more in that classic temple on whose plastered wall Valentine had once cut her initials with his penknife in a fantastical monogram surmounted by a death's-head, and encircled by a serpent. She thought of that cavalier companion very often, in spite of her juvenile pupils and the sewing-on of tapes and buttons. He had seemed to her a perpetual enigma and mystery when she was with him; and now that she was far away from him he was more than ever an inscrutable creature. Was he altogether vile, she wondered, or was there some redeeming virtue in his nature? He had taken trouble to secure her escape from shame and disgrace, and in doing this he surely had performed a good action; but was it not just possible that he had taken this opportunity of getting rid of her because her presence was alike wearisome and inconvenient? She thought very bitterly of her fellow Bohemian when this view of his conduct presented itself to her. How heartlessly he had shuffled her off; how cruelly he had sent her out into the hard pitiless world, to find a shelter as best she might!

"What would have become of me if Priscilla had refused to take me in?" she asked herself. "I wonder whether Mr. Hawkehurst ever considered that."

More than one letter had come to Diana from her old companion since her flight from the little Belgian watering-place. The first letter told her that her father had "tided over that business, and was in better feather than before the burst-up at the Hotel d'Orange." The letter

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was dated from Paris, but gave no information as to the present arrangements or future plans of the writer and his companion. Another letter, dated from the same place but not from the same address, came to her six months afterward, and anon another; and it was such a wonderful thing for Captain Paget to inhabit the same city for twelve months together, that Diana began to cherish faint hopes of some amendment in the scheme of her father's life and of Valentine's, since any improvement in her father's position would involve an improvement in that of his protégé.

Miss Paget's regard for her father was by no means an absorbing affection. The Captain had never cared to conceal his indifference for his only child, or pretended to think her any thing but a nuisance and an encumbrance; a superfluous piece of luggage more difficult to dispose of than any other luggage, and altogether a stumbling-block in the stony path of a man who has to live by his wits. So perhaps it is scarcely strange that Diana did not think of her absent father with any passionate tenderness or sad yearning love. She thought of him very often; but her thoughts of him were painful and bitter. She thought still more often of his companion; and her thoughts of him were even more bitter.

The experiences of Diana Paget are not the experiences which make a pure or perfect woman. There are trials which chasten the heart and elevate the mind; but it is doubtful whether it can be for the welfare of any helpless, childish creature to be familiar with falsehood and chicanery, with debt and dishonor, from the earliest awakening of the intellect; to feel, from the age of six or seven, all the shame of a creature who is always eating food that will not be paid for, and lying on a bed out of which she may be turned at any moment with shrill reproaches and upbraidings; to hear her father abused and vilified by vulgar gossips over a teatable, and to be reminded every day and every hour that she is an unprofitable encumbrance, a consumer of the bread of other people's children, an intruder in the household of hard, pitiless poverty, a child whose only heritage is shame and dishonor. These things had hardened the heart of Captain Paget's daughter. There had been no counteracting influence—no fond, foolish, loving creature near at hand to save the girl from that perdition into which the child or woman who has never known what it is to be loved is apt to fall. For thirteen years of Diana's life all love and tenderness, endearing words, caressing touches, fond admiring looks, had been utterly unknown to her. To sit in a room with a father who was busy writing letters, and who was wont to knit his brows peevishly if she stirred, or to mutter an oath if she spoke; to be sent to a pawnbroker's in the gloaming with her father's watch, and to be scolded and sworn at on her return if the money-lender had advanced a less sum than was expected on that security—do not compose the most delightful or improving experiences of a home life. But Diana could remember little of a more pleasant character respecting her existence during those brief periods when she was flung back upon her father's hands, and while that gentleman was casting about for some new victim on whom to plant her.

At Hyde Lodge, for the first time, the girl knew what it was to be loved. Bright, impulsive Charlotte Halliday took a fancy to her, as the school-girl phrase goes, and clung to her with a fond, confiding affection. It may be that the softening influence came too late, or that there was some touch of natural hardness and bitterness in Diana's mind; for it is certain that Charlotte's affection did not soften the girl's heart or lessen her bitter consciousness of the wide difference between her own fortunes and those of the happier daughters whose fathers paid their debts. The very contrast between Charlotte's position and her own may have counteracted the good influence. It was very easy for Charlotte to be generous and amiable. *She* had never been hounded from pillar to post by shrewish matrons who had no words too bitter for their unprofitable charge. *She* had never known what it was to rise up in the morning uncertain where she should lie down at night, or whether there would be any shelter at all for her hapless head; for who could tell that her father would be found at the lodging where he had last been heard of, and how should she obtain even work-house hospitality, whose original parish was unknown to herself or her protector? To Charlotte these shameful experiences would have been as incomprehensible as the most abstruse theories of a metaphysician. Was it any wonder, then, if Charlotte was bright and womanly, and fond and tender—Charlotte, who had never been humiliated by the shabbiness of her clothes, and to whom a walk had never been a shame and a degradation by reason of obvious decay in the heels of her boots?

"If your father would dress you decently and supply you with proper boots, I could almost bring myself to keep you for nothing," Priscilla had said to her reprobate kinsman's daughter; "but the more one does for that man the less he will do for himself; so the long and the short of it is, that you will have to go back to him, for I can not consent to have such an expensive establishment as mine degraded by the shabbiness of a relation."

Diana had been obliged to listen to such speeches as this very often during her first residence at Hyde Lodge, and then, perhaps, within a few minutes after Priscilla's lecture was concluded, Charlotte Halliday would bound into the room, looking as fresh and bright as the morning, and dressed in silk that rustled with newness and richness.

Keenly as Diana felt the difference between her friend's fortune and her own, she did nevertheless in some manner return Charlotte's affection. Her character was not to be altered all at once by this new atmosphere of love and tenderness; but she loved her generous friend and companion after her own fitful fashion, and defended her with passionate indignation if any other girl dared to hint the faintest disparagement of her graces or her virtues. She envied and loved her at the same time. She would accept Charlotte's affection one day with unconcealed pleasure, and revolt against it on the next day as a species of patronage which stung her proud heart to the quick.

"Keep your pity for people who ask you for it!" she had exclaimed once to poor bewildered Charlotte; "I am tired of being consoled and petted; go and talk to your prosperous friends, Miss Halliday; I am sick to death of hearing about your new frocks, and your holidays, and the presents your mamma is always bringing you!"

And then, when Charlotte looked at her friend with a sad, perplexed face, Diana relented, and declared that she was a wicked, discontented creature, unworthy of either pity or affection.

"I have had so much misery in my life that I am very often inclined to quarrel with happy people without rhyme or reason, or only because they are happy," she said, in explanation of her impatient temper.

"But who knows what happiness may be waiting for you in the future, Di?" exclaimed Miss Halliday. "You will marry some rich man by-and-by, and forget that you ever knew what poverty was."

"I wonder where the rich man is to come from who will marry Captain Paget's daughter?" Diana asked, contemptuously.

"Never mind where he comes from; he will come, depend upon it! The handsome young prince with the palace by the lake of Como will come to fall in love with my beautiful Diana, and then she will go and live at Como, and desert her faithful Charlotte, and live happy ever afterward!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Lotta!" cried Miss Paget. "You know what kind of fate lies before me as well as I do. I looked at myself this morning, as I was plaiting my hair before the glass—you know how seldom one gets a turn at the glass in the blue room—and I saw a dark, ugly, evil-minded-looking creature, whose face frightened me. I have been getting wicked and ugly ever since I was a child. An aquiline nose and black eyes will not make a woman a beauty; she wants happiness and hope and love, and all manner of things that I have never known, before she can be pretty."

"I have seen a beautiful woman sweeping a crossing," said Charlotte, doubtfully.

"Yes, but what sort of beauty was it?—a beauty that made you shudder. Don't talk about these things, Charlotte; you only encourage me to be bitter and discontented. I dare say I ought to be very happy, when I remember that I have dinner every day, and shoes and stockings, and a bed to lie down upon at night; and I *am* happier, now that I work for my living, than I was in the old time, when my cousin was always grumbling about her unpaid bills. But my life is very dreary and empty; and when I look forward to the future, it seems like looking across some level plain that leads nowhere, but across which I must tramp on for ever and ever, until I drop down and die."

It was something in this fashion that Miss Paget talked, as she sat in the garden with Charlotte Halliday at the close of the half-year. She was going to lose her faithful friend—the girl who, so much richer and happier and more amiable than herself, had yet clung to her so fondly; she was going to lose this tender companion, and she was more sorry for the loss than she cared to express.

"You must come and see us very often," Charlotte said, for the hundredth time; "mamma will be so glad to have you, for my sake; and my step-father never interferes with our arrangements. Oh, Di, how I wish you would come and live with us altogether! Would you come if I could manage to arrange it?"

"How could I come? What Quixotic nonsense you talk, Lotta!"

"Not at all, dear; you could come as a sort of companion for me, or a sort of companion for mamma. What does it matter how you come, if I can only have you? My life will be so dreary in that dreadful new-looking house, unless I have a companion I love. Will you come, Di?—only tell me you will come! I am sure Mr. Sheldon would not refuse, if I asked him to let you live with us. Will you come, dear?—yes or no? You would be glad to come if you loved me."

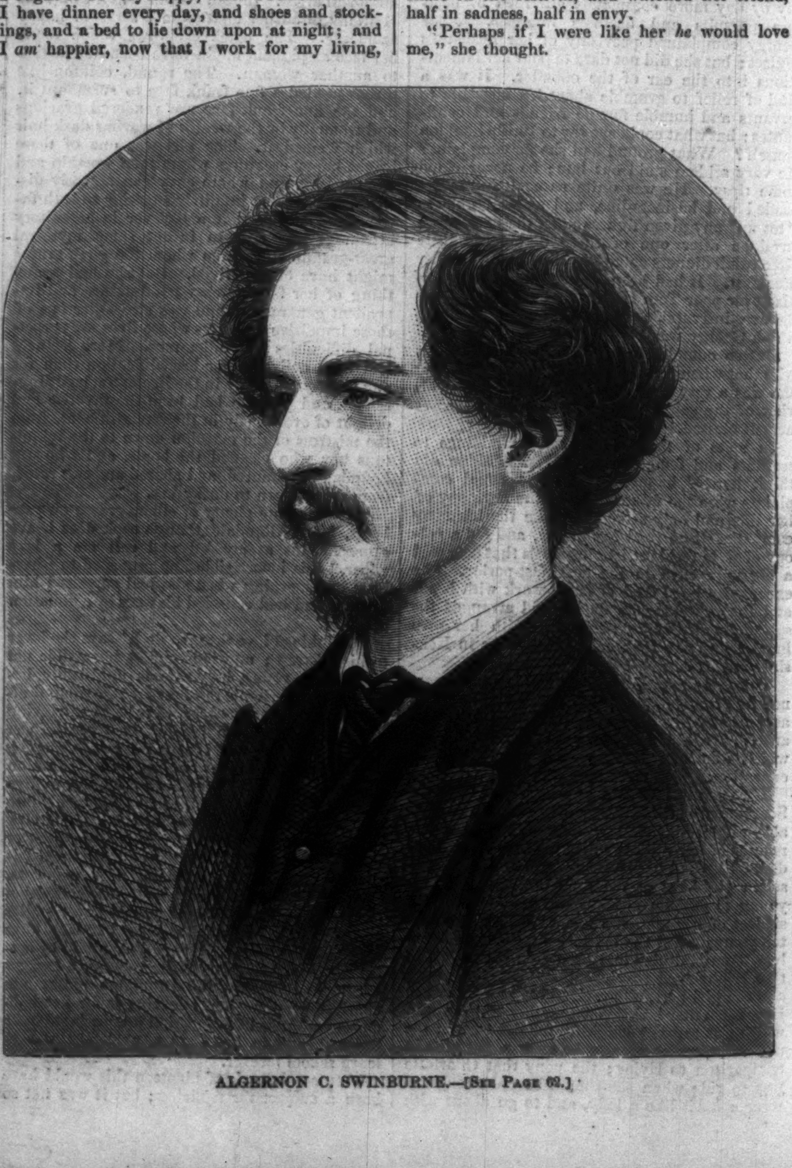
"And I do love you, Lotta, with all my heart," answered Miss Paget, with unusual fervor; "but then the whole of my heart is not much. As to coming to live with you, of course it would be a hundred thousand times pleasanter than the life I lead here; but it is not to be supposed that Mr. Sheldon will consent to have a stranger in his house just because his impulsive step-daughter chooses to take a fancy to a school-fellow who isn't worthy of half her affection."

"Let me be the judge of that. As to my step-father, I am almost sure of his consent. You don't know how indulgent he is to me; which shows what a wicked creature I must be not to like him. You shall come to us, Diana, and be my sister; and we will play our pet duets together, and be as happy as two birds in a cage—or a good deal happier, for I never could quite understand the ecstatic delights of perpetual hemp-seed and an occasional peck at a dirty lump of sugar."

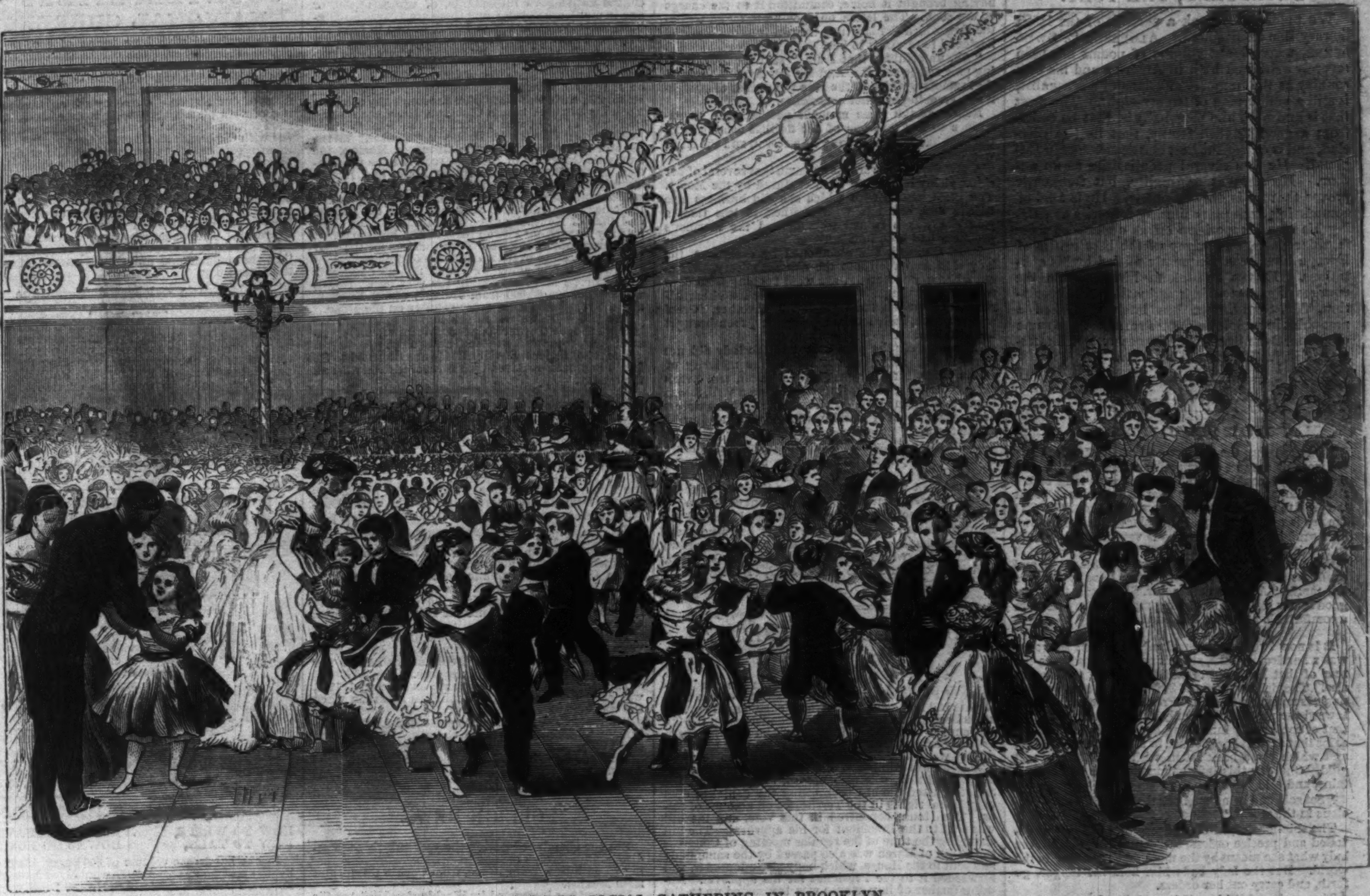
After this there came all the bustle of packing and preparation for departure, and a kind of saturnalia prevailed at Hyde Lodge—a saturnalia which terminated with the breaking-up ball; and who among the crowd of fair young dancers so bright as Charlotte Halliday, dressed in the school-girl's festal robes of cloud-like muslin, and with her white throat set off by a black ribbon and a gold locket?

Diana sat in a corner of the school-room toward the close of the evening, very weary of her share in the festival, and watched her friend, half in sadness, half in envy.

"Perhaps if I were like her *he* would love me," she thought.



ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



CHILDREN'S SOCIAL GATHERING IN BROOKLYN.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

DEDICATION OF KANE MASONIC LODGE.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

SWINBURNE, THE POET.

WE publish this week a portrait of the latest literary lion in England. ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE, whose latest volume of poems has been severely criticised both in America and his own country as the immoral effusions of a sensualist, is still a young man of twenty-eight. The most that is known of him personally is, that he comes from a good English family, that he has traveled, and is one of the best classic scholars in England. He has several peculiarities as an author. He aims at originality, but frequently proves that he is only eccentric. He is fond of committing such petty literary forgeries as passing his own composition off as quotations from familiar poets, and many of the best critics of Europe have been frequently misled by his quotations. Driven to defend himself from the charges of grossness in imagination and description, Mr. SWINBURNE has lately published a pamphlet in which he quotes scenes of the same character from SHELLEY, KINGSLEY, and SHAKSPEARE in justification of his style.

THE FRAUENSAND.

A DUTCH LEGEND.

I WAS crossing the western end of the Zuyder-Zee; we were at a short distance from the little town of Stavoren. I could see tall grasses with long stalks rising above the waves. "That is a corn-field," said the pilot to me, following my eyes. "At sea?" "Oh! the sea is not very deep at that place; the corn grows on a sand-bank." "And who is venturesome enough to sow it there?" "No one." "Then who reaps it?" "No one. It is cursed, like the town of Stavoren, and produces nothing." "Jacobus, you have a story to tell me." "At your orders, Sir." "Begin then, my good fellow!" And, stretching myself on my cloak in a comfortable position, I listened.

It is now two or three hundred years ago: Stavoren was a handsome town, stretching far and wide in the rear of that bank out of which the long straws still rise. The richest person of Stavoren was a lady whose name is no longer known. Proud of her wealth, harsh toward the poor, she had only one passion, which was that of continually increasing her treasures. She had ships that carried her produce to all parts of the globe, and which came back laden with spices, ivory, and gold. One day this lady summoned one of her captains, and said to him:

"Set sail, and bring me back that which is most precious in the world."

The ship-master, who was accustomed to receive detailed and precise orders, respectfully inquired of the lady what she meant by the most precious thing in the world. But the lady bade him hold his tongue, go forth, and carry out her orders.

The mariner felt himself in a state of great embarrassment. He did not dare to question any further, for he was full well aware of his mistress's obstinate and perverse disposition, so he set sail, not knowing where he should go or what he should bring back. After having reflected, however, some time when at sea, he said to himself:

"I will bring her home a load of the best wheat that grows in the world. What can there be that is more precious than that noble grain, without which mankind can not prosper?"

Thus saying, he sailed toward Dantzig, where he shipped a load of the best corn, and then took his way back to Stavoren. As he got near he felt nervous at times as to the reception he should meet with from the lady, but there was no alternative. When he presented himself before her, hat in hand and not a little anxious, she seemed much surprised.

"What, back again already, Captain? I thought you were on the coast of Africa, purchasing gold and ivory. Have you by chance plundered one of those rascally merchants of Hamburg? Come, let us to the harbor; I wish to see your cargo at once."

The captain felt by what had fallen from her that she would not be overpleased at what she would see, so he ventured to observe:

"Mistress, I have brought you the best corn that it is possible to find in the whole extent of the earth."

"Corn!" she exclaimed. "Did you dare to bring me such stuff?"

"I did not think that that which gives us our daily bread could be called stuff."

"Idiot!" exclaimed the lady, in a passion, "I will teach you what importance I attach to your freight. What side did your ship come in?"

"Port, Madame."

"Well, then, I order you at once and forthwith to cast the whole of your freight over the other side of the ship. I shall follow immediately, to see with my own eyes that my orders shall have been punctually carried out." The mariner went forth much troubled in his mind. He hesitated to carry out an order which appeared to him little better than a crime. So he went and bade all the poor people of the town, men, women, and children, come down to the harbor and await by the ship's side.

The lady was not long in making her appearance.

"Have my orders been carried out?" she demanded.

No sooner had she made this inquiry than all the poor of the town went down on their knees and begged of her to let them have the corn, and not to throw it into the sea. But the lady's heart was stubborn as a rock; she would not listen to their prayers, but persevered in her orders that it should be thrown into the sea.

The captain became so indignant at this that he could no longer restrain himself, and he said aloud:

"No! God, who rewards the good and punishes the wicked, will never let such cruelty be enacted without vengeance. The day will come, Madame, when you will weep at not being able to gather up one by one the precious grains which you this day cast into the sea."

"I!" exclaimed the lady, with a satanic smile—"I shall fall into poverty, and shall want bread! It is about as true as that my eyes shall once more see this ring which I cast into the sea."

And at the same moment she took a very valuable ring from her finger and threw it into the water.

Nothing remained but to obey, and the valuable cargo was all committed to the deep.

Some days after the lady sent one of her servants to market to buy her some fish. She particularly bade her bring cod, but the servant came back with a mackerel.

"What is this?" said the lady. "Do you take me for a goose? You bring mackerel, and I told you to bring me cod."

"Madame," replied the servant, "there was only one cod in the market, and it was so large that I did not like to buy it for Madame's dinner alone."

"Go back at once," said the imperious dame, "and do as I bade you."

So the servant went back for the great cod-fish, and having brought it home, committed it to the charge of the cook. The latter, on opening it, found within the ring which the lady had thrown into the sea, and hastened to return it to her.

"Ah, unfortunate that I am!" said the lady, turning pale as she saw it. And she felt the first pang of that remorse, which is the sure forerunner of punishment, creeping into her conscience.

Nearly at the same moment people came to announce to her that one of her flotillas coming from the East had been dispersed by a storm, and the ships wrecked.

A few days afterward news came that several of her ships, richly laden, had been captured by the Moors. The great houses with which she did business also failed; and, one loss with another, in less than a year she was a ruined woman, and the mariner's prophecy had been fulfilled.

Poor, shunned, and abandoned by every one, the lady of Stavoren fell into the deepest misery. Without a home, and hungry, she went begging from door to door; but the poor remembered her hard-heartedness in prosperity, and refused to relieve her. Grief and vexation, added to her privations, soon brought her to the grave.

Unfortunately the punishment of the lady did not profit the inhabitants of Stavoren, the majority of whom were, like her, harsh, egotistical, and avaricious. One day, in drawing water from a well, it was found to contain herrings. The next night the waters of the sea rose out of it and swallowed up three-fourths of the town. To the present day not a year passes by without some of the huts being swept away, and there is not a prosperous inhabitant to be found in the whole place.

At the spot where the wheat was thrown out there comes up every year a species of corn out of the water, which bears no flower; the stem is very high, and the head resembles that of wheat, but it bears no seed. The sand-bank on which this sterile harvest grows stretches the whole length of the town of Stavoren, and it is known as the *Frauensand*, or the "Lady's Sand-bank."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate, on January 8, by resolution, made inquiry of President Johnson if violations of the Civil Rights bill had come to his knowledge, and if so, had steps been taken to punish the offenders. On the 9th of January the bill to admit Nebraska as a State, after being amended to impose negro suffrage as a condition, was passed by a vote of 24 yeas to 15 nays. The Colorado admission bill, involving the same suffrage condition, was also passed. On the 10th the Senate passed the bill prohibiting the denial of civil or political rights in the Territories on account of color. The House concurred in this vote, and the bill was sent to the President for his approval. The bill changing the time of the regular meeting of Congress to the 4th of March was also passed by the same body and sent to the House, which body also adopted it, and forwarded it to the President for his approval. Nothing further of importance was transacted up to the 15th inst., at which time our record ends.

The House of Representatives, on January 8, refused to adjourn to celebrate the anniversary of New Orleans in the usual way, and commemorated it by passing the District Suffrage bill over the veto of the President by a vote of 113 yeas to 38 nays. The bill is now a law. On the same day the House passed an act declaring, in effect, that any judge, misconstruing the intent and purposes of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution as to find warrant in it for the sale of negroes into slavery for misdemeanors, shall be punished by two years' imprisonment or $10,000 fine. Seven Democrats voted with the Republicans for this act. On the 14th inst. Mr. Loan, of Missouri, renewing the question of the impeachment of the President, suggested, in the course of his speech, that Mr. Johnson was privy to the assassination of President Lincoln. A resolution suspending payment to loyal owners of slaves who volunteered in the army was passed by 107 yeas to 35 nays.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The attention of both Houses of the State Legislature has been principally devoted, during the week embraced in our record, to the consideration of matters looking to the much-needed improvement in the administration of the New York City government. Reports from the Police Commissioners and Board of Health on the necessary improvements were asked for by the Assembly, and a thorough examination of the tenement houses of this city ordered. The Assembly ratified the Constitutional Amendment by a vote of 70 yeas to 40 nays.

NEWS ITEMS.

A disgraceful scene occurred during the session of the Common Council of New York City on the 10th of January. A fight occurred between the President and a member named Long, during which pistols were drawn and inkstands thrown about. The parties were arrested and examined by the Mayor. The President pleaded in justification of his act in carrying a pistol (a penitentiary offense, by-the-way), that he had a permit to do so from a city justice.

The Mayor, instead of trying the members for their misdemeanors, endeavored to reconcile them and finally coaxed them into promises to "go and sin no more." The Board again met on the 14th instant, when Mr. Long apologized for his conduct to the Board but declined to make any to the President. The board then resolved itself into Committee on the Whole and spent some hours in eulogizing the Democratic party!

A terrific earthquake was felt at Fort Klamath, Oregon, on the 8th inst. Ashes and sulphurous vapors filled the air, and Klamath Lake fell six feet.

A negro man in Wilmington, North Carolina, has been permitted to administer on the estate of another one—probably the first case of the kind on record in the South.

At a banquet in Washington, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, President Johnson gave the following toast: "No State of its own will has a right under the Constitution to renounce its place in or to withdraw from the Union, nor has the Congress of the United States the constitutional power to degrade the people of any State to a mere territorial dependency upon the Federal head."

Kentucky, which appears determined to be both neutral and nothing, has rejected the Constitutional Amendment.—Virginia has done the same, only one member voting for it.

In the "Amalgamation Legislature," as that of Massachusetts is facetiously called, E. G. Walker, one of the colored Representatives, was appointed on the Committee on Federal relations, and Charles L. Mitchell, the other, on the Committee on Printing.

The difficulties in the Associated Press of New York have been settled by a compromise with the Western Association. The *World* newspaper resumes its place in the Association, and the Western papers agree to buy the news of the New York Association, but pay a much smaller sum than they formerly did.

The Colorado House of Representatives has protested, through Governor Cummings, against the admission of that Territory as a State into the Union on the ground that it has not sufficient population, and the people have had no opportunity of expressing their wishes in regard to the matter.

The Michigan Legislature has adopted resolutions favoring the impeachment of President Johnson, and thanking Congress for passing the District Suffrage bill over the veto.

The Kansas Legislature ratified the Constitutional Amendment on January 11.

Statistics show that in New York City there are 407,556 native-born inhabitants, of whom 51,500, or one in eight, are voters; and there are 318,830 foreign-born inhabitants, of whom 77,475, or one in four, are voters. It therefore takes twice as many natives as it does foreigners to elect any officer. There is no parallel to this in any city of the world.

Several of the State Legislatures, which assembled on January 1, have elected Senators for the new term. Roscoe Conklin was elected on January 14 by the New York Legislature; Simon Cameron, Mr. Lincoln's first Secretary of War, was elected by the Pennsylvania Legislature; Charles D. Drake, a "radical," is the Senator elect from Missouri; Governor Morton, the energetic Governor of Indiana, received the nomination of the Republicans of that State, and Lyman Trumbull that of the Republicans of Illinois, and both will doubtless be elected. The Maryland Legislature indicates an intention to send Swann to the Senate, and that of Kentucky promises to still further show its folly by sending Powell instead of a loyal man.

The receipts of the New York theatres for the year 1866 amounted to over two millions of dollars.

New York city alone welcomed 233,418 emigrants from Europe and Asia during the year 1866. 106,000 were Germans, 68,000 from Ireland, 36,000 English, and the remainder from every country on the globe.

The judge before whom the Fenian prisoners are being tried at Toronto, Canada, declines, under instructions, to sentence those found guilty.

The rebel General Sterling Price has returned to St. Louis and been received by his rebel friends with all the honors.

The United States Grand Jury, empanneled at New Orleans to examine the evidence against the rioters of July 30, 1866, failed to find any indictment against any person. P. H. Morgan, the District Attorney, declined to require the jury thus empanneled to take the "jurors' test oath," as required by law.

John C. Breckinridge thinks that the magnanimity of the North is unparalleled, and he is astounded at the blindness and madness of the South in not accepting the humane and merciful provisions of the Constitutional Amendment. John evidently wants a pardon.

Philadelphia is to have a theatre for the colored people, at which only colored actors will play. White folks will be admitted as spectators.

The United States public debt was reduced $10,000,000 in December, and is now *only* $2,675,062,566.

Twenty-three business firms have been forced to leave Salt Lake City because the Saints refuse to deal with them.

Thirty thousand marriages took place in Ohio last year—eight thousand more than in 1865. In the same blessed State and year the Penitentiary had so few convicts that it did not pay expenses.

The public debt of Pennsylvania on January 1, 1867, was $35,000,000, actually five millions less than when the war began.

Professor S. F. B. Morse has presented Allston's picture of "Jeremiah" to Yale College. The painting cost $7000.

The Ohio Legislature has ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE abandoned during the year 1866 three expeditions into foreign countries—withdrawing or agreeing to withdraw from Rome, from Cochin China, and from Mexico.

England has instructed its Washington Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, to ask if the United States will submit the *Alabama* claims to arbitration.

There is a Japanese embassy at Paris *en route* to the United States.

The Papal authorities at Rome have prohibited the continuance of religious services in the Scotch Protestant church, and threaten to close the American chapel.

Turkey has called out one hundred and fifty thousand men to put down the Candian revolutionists. The announcement created general excitement, and London papers state that a general conference of European powers will be held to consider the Eastern question. And has been indirectly tendered the Cretans by Greece and Russia; and the Turkish Porte has recalled its embassador to the former court. Garibaldi is reported to have gone to Candia. Details of the blowing up of the Monastery of Arkadion, of which we shall give a graphic illustration next week, show the desperate character of the conflict.

Mr. Washburn, United States Minister to Paraguay, has passed through the hostile armies before forts Humayti and Curupayti, Paraguay, and have reached the capital to which he is accredited.

The Chinese have become so far civilized that they are now indulging in a financial panic; and Shanghai and other commercial points are in a state of great excitement.

A plot to assassinate Napoleon has been discovered and frustrated.

The revolutionists in Spain have issued an address to the people advocating action.

Italy is offended because President Johnson failed to congratulate them in his Message on the attainment of their independence and the unification of their kingdom.

"Scandinavian Unity" is the latest political scheme in Europe. Following the movements of the Germans in Germany, and the Latins in Italy, the Scandinavians, who people Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, are agitating the unification of those countries.

"Deservedly Popular."—BURNETT'S Cocoaine for the Hair, and Florimel for the Handkerchief—a combination of rare and delicate odors.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

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"Waiting at the Door" " 40 cents.
"Let us be True to Each Other," 30 cents.

All by W. C. Baker. Also "A Fair Form at the Gateway" and "Do not Heed her Warning" (reply to Gipsy's Warning), both by Henry Tucker. 30 cents. CHAS. M. TREMAINE, Publisher, 481 Broadway, N.Y.

COUNTERFEITERS OF NATIONAL CURRENCY

Are punished with long terms of confinement in prison at hard labor. The nature and degree of their crime is considered of sufficient enormity to demand this severe treatment. If those who seek to enrich themselves by issuing spurious and worthless imitations of our National Currency are adjudged deserving of such punishment, what course should be pursued toward those who willfully and knowingly tamper with the health and lives of the people by offering them medicinal compounds which, if not absolutely baneful and hurtful in themselves, are totally ineffectual in accomplishing what is claimed for them? When these worthless and dangerous compounds are sent out under the established name and reputation of meritorious preparations, the crime of counterfeiting is as certainly established as in the case of National Currency. The reader may draw his own inference.

We are led to these reflections by reason of learning that the popular and universally successful preparations known as

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prepared only by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa., have been imitated by parties envious of their unsullied reputation and unequivocal worth. Let our readers be on their guard. In making their accustomed purchases of RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES, let them be careful to provide themselves with Dr. McLane's infallible remedies.

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575 Broadway, New York.

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WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

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☞ *Stephens's Magical Egyptian Oriental Eye Ointment will cure inflamed Eyes, Eyelids, and Styes, and prevent Styes.* Cure guaranteed, or money refunded. Price by mail, $3.

The Cincinnati Commercial of 27th ultimo contains in its New York correspondence the following allusion to Hoff's Malt Extract—Beverage of Health:

"It may interest Cincinnatians to know that a new beverage has lately been introduced here, which promises to rival if not supplant lager, double X, and any quantity of similar throat lubricators now so popular in the United States. The new drink has, moreover, quite a respectable prestige as being of sanitary value, and, in fact, brings from Europe an exalted repute, which appears to justify the assumption of its name—'Bierre de Santé de Hoff' (Hoff's Bier of Health), Hoff's Gesundheits Bier. Across the water it has, for eighteen years past, been accumulating reputation until its annual consumption, both as a beverage and a remedy, has reached the handsome aggregate of from fifteen to eighteen million bottles. Its manufacture is a monopoly, protected by a patent, and Mr. Hoff, the proprietor, has opened an American branch office in this city, at No. 542 Broadway. Another name for this Beer is 'Hoff's Malt Extract,' from which it is easy to infer what the principal materials are of which it is compounded."

For the benefit of all sick and suffering we publish the above, adding for their information the latest Prussian Official Report from the Garrison Hospital at Breslau, dated on the battle-field, July 29, 1866:

"Hoff's renowned Malt Extract (Health Beer) has confirmed its renowned and wholesome effects also in this place. It is highly valued for improving the blood, as a refreshing and nourishing remedy, and is preferable to all other compounds in scorbutic cases, profuse suppurations, loss of blood, indigestion, and in consumptive cases, especially because it is so readily taken by the sick. The demand for this wholesome beverage from the Physicians of this Hospital was so great that in a few days the supply was used.

"Dr. MEINECKE, First Physician of the Staff."

HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT DEPOT FOR AMERICA,
542 Broadway,
Between Spring and Prince Streets.

REFERENCES IN THIS CITY: Dr. Fordyce Barker; Dr. H. D. Bulkley, Vice-President of the Academy of Medicine; Prof. James R. Wood; Prof. McCreedy, and others.

GOLD PENS.

The largest assortment in the city. Send for circular, giving prices and showing styles. Pens repointed, 50c. by mail. E. S. Johnson & Co., 44 Nassau St., N. Y. City.

KALDENBERG & SON, Manufacturers of genuine Meerschaum Pipes. The best Meerschaums at a fair price. All goods warranted genuine. Monograms, Portraits, &c., cut to order. Pipes repaired, boiled, mounted, &c. Send for circular. 4 and 6 John St.

GUIDE TO EUROPE.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map corrected up to July, 1865, and a Map embracing Colored Routes of Travel in the above Countries. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. Fifth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

The object of this work is to give a distinct and clear outline, or a skeleton tour through the different cities and places of interest in Europe and the East; the names of the principal works of art by the leading masters in all the galleries; the fees expected by the different custodians; the names and charges of the principal hotels; the cost of travelling the different routes and the time employed; all the items in reference to the transportation of luggage, and the innumerable small charges which tend to swell the account of travelling expenses; so that tourists may not only be able to travel without a courier, saving thereby 25 per cent. of their expenses, but will not be obliged to buy some 25 volumes of Guide-Books at an expense of $60 00 or $70 00, in addition to the charges upon their weight. Those *who have been* in Europe and those *who can not go* to Europe will both find in this work a fund of entertainment; the first to read up and remember what they *have* seen and the second what they *ought* to have seen.

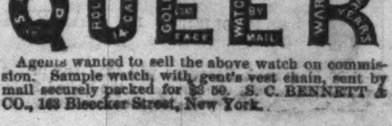
From T. B. LAWRENCE, *U. S. Consul-General Florence, February* 15, 1866.

"From having travelled somewhat extensively in former years in Europe and the East, I can say with entire truth that you have succeeded in combining more that is instructive and valuable for the traveller than is contained in any one or series of hand-books that I have ever met with."

It gives the best routes of travel, names the places of interest, tells how much money certain trips cost, and furnishes the traveller with all the necessary advice and full information for a trip to any or all parts of the Old World. Mr. Fetridge, the author, makes it his especial business and study to have the Guide correct. We do not see how a person crossing the Atlantic can afford to do without it.—*Home Journal.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ Sent to any part of the country, excepting the Territories, postage-free, on receipt of $7 50.



Agents wanted to sell the above watch on commission. Sample watch, with gent's vest chain, sent by mail securely packed for $3 50. S. C. BENNETT & CO., 163 Bleecker Street, New York.

Purify the Blood.

If the blood be pure, the body, which is formed from and by the blood, can not be diseased. But if there be in any part of the body any affection, such as a boil or ulcer, even a bruise, the blood circulating through that part takes up impure matter from the local affection and carries it into the general system. This is the cause often of sudden death to persons of full habit afflicted with boils and ulcers, and who use no medicine: the matter gets into the circulating system and chokes up the fine blood vessels which supply the brain with vitality, and life ceases as if

Bereft by Lightning.

Now this can be remedied.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

take all impure matters from the circulation, and save the general health, soon curing local affections also.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS protect from tedious times of sickness and often save life. Sold by all Druggists.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

"LADIES LIKE IT."—It tells of HUMAN CHARACTER as seen in eyes, mouth, nose, lips, cheeks, chin, neck, hands, hair, voice, walk, &c., and how to judge "who is who." A beautiful New-Year's Present is THE NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, with 1000 engravings; in rich Morocco, full gilt, $10; in elegant Calf, $8; in Muslin, gilt, $6; Muslin, plain, $5. New edition, very fine. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N.Y.

N.B.—The "ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL" is $2 a year.

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FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863, with CRIMPING attachment; sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured.

"With single or double thread, it rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

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BROWN'S GLASS-CLEANING POLISH,

For cleaning and Polishing Windows, Mirrors, Gold, Silver, Plated Ware, Tin, &c. A new invention of the greatest practical worth, convenience, and economy. Indispensable to all Housekeepers, Hotel-Keepers, Storekeepers, &c. Large Profits to Agents.

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WATERS'S GRAND,

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TO LET, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargains from $60 to $225. Old Pianos taken in exchange for new. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos. Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York.

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SOME OF MANY TESTIMONIALS ADDRESSED TO THE GLAMORGAN SOAP COMPANY, 45 BROADWAY, N. Y.

From General Manager of Associated Press.

My family consider it the best and most economical article for household purposes that we have ever used. —J. W. SIMONTON.

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The value of your Savonine is fully appreciated at this hotel for laundry and general use, and is worthy the attention of the public.—S. LELAND & Co., Prop'rs.

BROOKLYN, *Nov.* 24, 1866.—Judge Marshall of Herkimer Co. joins me in saying that for general family use we have tried nothing to equal it for economy and value. You justly term it a "household necessity."—AUGUSTUS MORAND, and many Others.

Once try it, and you will always use it. Savonine speaks for itself. Manufactured in this country only by the GLAMORGAN SOAP CO., 45 Broadway, N.Y.

Jousse's Musical Catechism.

With an *Appendix* containing Modulations from the various Major and Minor Keys, and a Treatise on the Syllables and the Construction of Chords, by J. C. J. 25 cents. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

ALWAYS A WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

Club Orders.

HANNIBAL, MO., *Nov.* 5, 1866.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: *Sirs,*—Please send the within order (the seventh I have sent) by express, as before, with bill for collection. Nearly all my first Club have sent again, which is a proof we are satisfied. I should like to see the advertisement of a new Tea which I have been told you sell (probably Long Arm). Please be careful that no nails protrude through the bok—it is a long way to Missouri.

Yours truly, JOHN V. HIBBERT.

1 lb.	Gunpowder	D. Holt	at $1 25	$1 25
1 lb.	Best Black	D. Holt	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	A. Lodge	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	H. L. Russell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Young Hyson	C. Purnell	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	C. Purnell	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs.	Gunpowder	Cor. Murphy	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb.	Gunpowder	Thomas Larkin	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Gunpowder	Edwin Clogg	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs.	Gunpowder	Van Evencoven	at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs.	Gunpowder	Wm. Kelley	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	Best Black	John Taylor	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs.	Imperial	A. C. Shaw	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	Stephen Watson	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs.	Imperial	Thomas Creed	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb.	Imperial	Geo. Threlkeld	at 1 25	1 25
	Carried up			$37 00

	Brought up			$37 00
1 lb.	Imperial	T. J. Williams	at 1 25	1 25
3 lbs.	Young Hyson	Mrs. Russell	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb.	Best Gunpowder	Mrs. Russell	at 1 50	1 50
1 lb.	Best Gunpowder	Mrs. Russell	at 1 25	1 25
5 lbs.	Uncolored Japan	W. Brown	at 1 25	6 25
1 lb.	Imperial	A. Manly	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	A. Manly	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	D. Mahony	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	D. Mahony	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Imperial	T. Murphy	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	T. Murphy	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Best Green	S. C. Davis	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Uncolored Japan	H. Martin	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb.	Best Black	Mr. Meadows	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb.	Best Gunpowder	J. V. Hibbert	at 1 50	1 50
	Total			$63 50

FOUNTAIN GREEN, ILLINOIS, *Nov.* 28, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York: *Gentlemen,*—The Tea you sent me the middle of this month was received in good order, and gave general satisfaction. The present order is mostly for other parties, who are not yet satisfied that it is possible for tea of a good quality to be furnished at your figures after paying former prices. I am sure, however, that a few experiments resulting as favorably as my first will give people confidence, and insure you a liberal patronage from this locality. Wishing you success, I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

J. M. FOY.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our Vesey Street Store* is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.